SAUL at *ENDOR*:

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OR, THE

GHOST

OF THE

Marquiſs de LOUVOIS

Conſulted by the

French King

Concerning the preſent Affairs.

Flectere ſi nequeo Superos Acheronta movebo. Virgil.

———*Mimuit furorem*
Vix una ſoſpes Navis ab Ignibus:
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
Redegit in veros timores Cæſar. Horat.

Done out of French.

London: Printed for *Richard Baldwin* near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick Lane*. 1692.

Saul *and the Witch of* Endor:

OR,

Monsieur de LOUVOIS

HIS

GHOST

Consulted by the

French King.

FRancis *Michael le Tellier* Marquiss *de Louvois*, Chief Minister and Secretary of State, Commander and Chancellor of his Majesty's Order,

Super-Intendant of his Buildings, Grand Vicar of the Order of St. *Lazarus*, of our Lady of Mount *Carmel*, Super-Intendant of the Posts of *France*, &c. dyed at *Versaille* the Sixteenth of *July* 1691.

Every one knows how useful that great Minister was to *France*, during the whole course of his Ministry, but particularly in this present War, wherein the King his Master is engaged alone against most Princes in *Europe*. He generally gave necessary Orders for every Expedition; by him the Armies of *France* were put in Motion, and he managed those Intrigues by which his Master got possession of several considerable Places. It may be said to the honour of the Marquis *de Louvois*, that his Master seldom or never appear'd at the Head of his Army, unless it were to gather the Fruits of the Studies and Negotiations

tions of that great Minister, and that he always acquitted himself very well in the high Affairs wherein he was intrusted. By the good success of his Services, he had found out the way to make himself so necessary to his Prince, that his loss is still lamented every moment, so much the more as the King finds himself obliged to bear the greatest part of the burthen of the great and important Affairs of War that overwhelm him on all sides, *viz.* those of *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Savoy*, *Catalonia*, and particularly the Marine; whereas formerly he intirely relied on the Care, Fidelity, Vigilance, and Experience of Monsieur *de Louvois*; so that we may safely say, that the Fateagues to which that King is now exposed to maintain himself in his present greatness, hinder him very often from taking his rest; which occasioned one of

his Courtiers one day to ſay, *That whilſt all thoſe of his Court ſlept quietly, he watch'd for them.*

One Evening, the King having receiv'd ſome bad News, and moſt of his Courtiers being withdrawn out of his Bed-Chamber, his Majeſty put himſelf in his Night-gown, and having diſmiſt the Gentlemen of his Bed-Chamber, order'd alſo Monſieur *Petit* his *Valet de Chambre* to leave him, deſiring to be alone, as it were, to write ſome private Diſpatch with his own Hand, as he doth ſometimes, principally ſince the Death of Monſieur *de Louvois*. The King ſaw himſelf no ſooner alone, and at liberty, but he gave his Grief a looſe, and Curſt the angry Fates for the loſs of Monſieur *de Louvois*. After many Expoſtulations, he broke out into the following Prayer in a woful Tone.

You know, O immaculate Virgin! great Queen of Heaven and Earth, that I have done my beſt to extirpate Hereticks who would not put their Truſt in you; for this Cauſe am I hated by moſt of my Enemies; but I have recourſe to you, my good Lady, as to my only Hopes. Aſſiſt me your devout and pious Son, with a kind look in this time of need; and as a Token of my Gratitude, I here make a ſolemn Vow to cauſe Seven Tapers of Virgin Wax in memory of your Seven Griefs, to burn both by day and by night, before your adorable Shrine, and if I may but be victorious over my Enemies I will throughly confound and deſtroy all Hereticks, and all thoſe ungodly Wretches who will not ſay Ave Maria: *This I vow unto you now, O Mother of Comfort, Gate of Heaven, the only Relief of all afflicted Souls, and Hope of all good Catholicks who devoutly call up-*

on you; grant unto me at this present time, as also to my only Friend and Ally, some sign of your Protection. O Lady of Miracles! be pleased to work One now in our favour, so will my Ally be Converted, seeing the care you take of our Armies, and of those that call upon you. O let him not make a separate Peace with the Germans, *I beseech you; and seeing that you are a Mother of Peace, I am ready to grant it to my Enemies, and will even condescend so far as to yield to them a Town or two: For lo! they are about me like hungry Lions, seeking to devour me; send down some good Angel to dispose them to it, and take my Kingdom under your Protection, that I may not fall into the hands of those cursed Hereticks the* Hugonots, *who would swallow me up, because I am your pious Son.* Ave Maria, *&c.*

As

As soon as *Lewis* had ended his Prayer, with all the Catholicism of a Penitent (for Distress will turn even a rank Atheist into a whining Bigot) he mumbled over the Litanies of the Virgin most devoutly, most exactly told over his Beeds, and crost himself over and over most reverently. Then, with an aking heart and a sorrowful mind alas poor Innocent Soul! he in a dessponding manner threw himself on the Bed, expecting some sign as an effect of his uncommon and meritorious Expressions of Zeal. But having waited a while, vext to find his Blessed Lady as dumb as his good Brother and Ally's Mutes, he arose from the Bed in as great a rage as an amorous Doxy from a disappointing Lover. *What?* said he, *does Heaven forsake me too; sure I trouble it seldom enough in earnest to have my request granted now:*

Muſt the Prayers of a thouſand little raſcally Emmets be daily anſwer'd, and the Great Monarch of France *not be minded? O for ſome honeſt Conjurer or other, that would help me to an hours Converſe with a certain Gentleman below!* Some ſay that he made uſe of that Verſe of *Virgil*;

Flectere ſi nequeo Superos Acheronta movebo.

If with the Gods I can't prevail,
I'me ſure the Devil will not fail.

But that cannot well be; for, if I am not miſtaken, that old Fox *Mazarin* to keep him in Ignorance, ſo to preſerve to himſelf, and his dear Miſtreſs, the Adminiſtration of Affairs in their own Hand, never would beſtow ſo much Breeding on him as to enable him to underſtand

even

even his Breviary: However, ſo much I dare ſay, that he call'd out for *Louvois*, and made many a ſad Exclamation for that deceaſed Miniſter. *O Louvois*, ſaid he, *where art thou? I would give ten thouſand Lewis d'Or (and that is a great Sum with me at preſent) could I but diſcourſe an hour or two with thee, dear politick Poſtillion of mine! Where art thou* — Louvois! *Why doſt thou not anſwer! 'Tis thy Soveraign calls, who hath done thee and thine ſo much good; who drew thy Father out of the hurry of the noiſie Bar, to raiſe him to the Pinacle of a Lawyer's Ambition, the Chancellorſhip of my Kingdom. 'Tis I who made thee the richeſt Subject in* Europe, *nay, able to vie with ſome of my Northern Brethren in Wealth; and canſt thou be ſo unconſcionably ungrateful, as not to ſpeak to thy old Benefactor in his greateſt need? Speak, I ſay.* He

ſpoke the laſt words ſo loud, that his *Valet de Chambre* Monſieur *Petit*, who was in the *Wardrobe*, imagining that he call'd him, came with as little noiſe as he could to his Bedſide; but the King hearing him ſtir, call'd out, ſaying, *Is it you? draw near.* The *Valet de Chambre* then, as uſually, came in view. The King being amazed at his ſight, told him that he had nothing to ſay to him, and that he would ſpeak with Monſieur *de Louvois.*

May it pleaſe your Majeſty, replyed the Valet de Chambre, *Monſieur* de Louvois *hath been dead above this Twelve months. What of that, Blockhead?* ſaid the King, *I know it well enough; I would only ſpeak with his Ghoſt: I want to conſult him about matters of moment. Therefore I would have you to find me out immediately ſome old Woman or other, having a Divining Spirit, who by her*

her power may cauſe Louvois *to riſe again, that he and I may lay our Heads together; for my Enemies increaſe, and preſs me ſo very hard, that I dread the Conſequences.*

Sir, ſaid the Valet de Chambre, *ſince your Majeſty hath cauſed Madam* Voiſin *to be burn'd, none have dar'd to addict themſelves to the Black Art for fear of undergoing the ſame puniſhment; and if ſhe hath left any Diſciples, they keep themſelves ſo cloſe that there is no coming at them. However, there is a good old Woman, who was a kind of a Houſe-keeper at* La Voiſin's, *that is ſhrewdly ſuſpected for that Art; and, as it is ſaid, hath a Familiar Spirit; but theſe kind of People are grown ſo provident now a-days, as only to make uſe of thoſe ſorts of Spirits for themſelves: Juſt as they ſay of Marſhal* Luxemburgh, *who, if you will believe ſome people, has purchas'd one*

of

of them only to win Battels, to enjoy your Majeſty's Favour, and the Love of the Ladies; for which cauſe he was clapt up in the Baſtille, *though his Judges did not think fit to examine the buſineſs narrowly; as your Majeſty doubtleſs knows better than any one elſe?*

They are a parcel of ignorant Blockheads that talk thus, ſaid the King, *and know no more of the matter, than a true Dragoon doth of the World to come. It is true, that he was confin'd about the time of the late famous Poyſoning Marchioneſs* de Brinvilliers, *upon ſome ſuſpition of poyſoning, ſoon after the death of the Count de* Soiſſons, *and for having forc'd his Chaplain to ſay the holy Maſs on the Counteſs of —'s Belly, whilſt he and ſeveral other Ladies ſtark naked, each with a black wax Taper in hand, walk'd round her in the manner of a Proceſſion; and per-*

perhaps he had remain'd in the Baſtille, *as a fit reward for his frollick, had not* Louvois *earneſtly ſued for his Inlargement, which I granted in conſideration of the remarkable Actions he did in* Holland, *during the War of Seventy two, at the Paſſage of* Bodegrave *and* Swammerdam. *But ſuppoſing that he had ſuch a Familiar Spirit, he is now ſo mightily taken up in* Flanders, *that there is no getting him here, though he could wiſh it with all his heart: Therefore think on ſome other, and thou may'ſt aſſure him or her, upon my Royal Word (which I ſcorn to break for ſuch a trifle) that he ſhall not receive the leaſt harm, and that I will keep him out of the Judges Claws, and even free him for the future from the power of the burning Chamber, that dreadful Foe to all Poyſonmongers.*

Your

Your Majeſty then muſt know, ſaid *Petit, that this ſame good Woman dwells in a Wood not very far from this place, and makes a ſhift to pick a livelyhood out of Fortune-telling: ſhe has a ſingular knack at that Ingenious Vocation. When any thing is loſt, people uſe to repair to her as to an infallible Prophet; and they ſay that ſhe did not a little contribute to the recovery of the Golden Lamp that uſed to light our Bleſſed Lady in the Church of* Notre-Dame, *which ſome Robbers had had the Impudence to ſteal before her face, and leave her Ladiſhip in the dark.*

Enough, ſaid the King, *this Woman will do my buſineſs; go immediately and get me a couple of Horſes ready, that we may go to her* Incognito, *for I would not have her to know who I am.*

I preſume, ſaid *Petit, to let your Majeſty know aforehand, that you ought*

ought not to be frighted when ſhe begins to make ſome demonſtration of her Art.

Never fear, ſaid the King, *I ſhall go well enough provided againſt the worſt that Hell can do; I have about me an* Agnus Dei *ſent formerly to by Pope* Urban *the Fifth to* John Paleologue *Emperour of* Greece, *and a Lappet of St.* Joſeph's *Shooe which he wore when he led the holy Virgin into* Egypt; *a Snip of it thrown into the fire is enough to drive away the moſt refractory and preſuming of* Lucifer's *ſooty Meſſengers: neither have I given any credit to it, but upon very Authentick Certificates of the Miracles it hath wrought in many places.*

Since you are ſo well provided, ſaid *Petit, your Majeſty might even venture to take a Turn to Hell with more aſſurance than* Orpheus, *when he fetched from thence his dear* Euridice;

dice; *for what Devil, but muſt tremble, at the thought of a Snip of the Lappet of St.* Joſeph's *old Shooe, when even a drop of Holy Water will make a Legion of them vaniſh.*

No ſooner were the Horſes got ready, but the King, his *Valet de Chambre*, and a truſty Footman ſallied out, and rid to the Womans Houſe. Being come to her poor Hut or Shed, the King and his *Valet de Chambre* left their Horſes with the Footman and went in. The Hut lay by a dark and profound Cave. You need not doubt but the King, as ſoon as he came in, like a good Catholick, ſecur'd himſelf by making the Sign of the Croſs. The Woman was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee at ſuch an hour two ſuch Viſitants in her Shed. After ſhe had dropt them ſome half dozen Curtſies, ſhe made ſhift to ask them what they would have of her,

her, who alas! poor innocent Soul, having not wherewithal to get admittance into an Alms-houſe, was forc'd to ſhelter her ſelf here in a Wood to ſit Rent-free at leaſt.

The King, who at firſt was not known, ſaid to the Woman, *I prethee good Woman, Divine for me what I ſhall ask of thee, and cauſe to riſe out of the Earth, by the power of thine Art, him whom I ſhall name to thee, and I will not fail to reward thee largely if thou do'ſt it.*

Good Sir, reply'd the Woman, *you know how the King has ſerv'd Madam* Voiſin, *my good Miſtreſs, and that he has vow'd to extirpate all Soothſayers and Wizards out of his Kingdom: Why then do you come to tempt me, and lay a Snare for my Life, to cauſe me to die a miſerable Death?* The King then lifted up his hand, and ſwore to her that no Ill ſhould befal her through his means,

nay

nay far from that, he would even preſerve her from any for the future; telling her that he would engage his Life for the Security of hers. This ſomewhat allay'd the old Womans fears, who then ask'd him, what Man he deſir'd ſhe ſhould Conjure up for him. *Let the Marqueſs* de Louvois *aſcend*, ſaid the King, *that I may ſee him, for I muſt by all means ſpeak with him.* Having heard that Name, the Woman all trembling made a fire, and lighted a couple of little black wax Candles; and as the fire began to kindle, mumbling ſome barbarous words, which probably neither ſhe nor they could underſtand, ſhe threw into it a certain Powder, which gave ſuch an horrible report, and bounc'd ſo furiouſly, that it had like to have blown up the old Womans Quarters, and have battered the Hut about their Ears.

The

The King immediately croſs'd himſelf: But the Woman pray'd him to forbear, and wait a while quietly in a corner of the Hut. After this ſhe took a white Wand ſpeckled with black in her hand, and having wav'd it thrice round, made a Circle on the ground with ſome barbarous Characters, ſtill mumbling ſome words between her Teeth; upon this a huge Stone fell from the Chimney top into the fire, and ſcatter'd the ſparks of it all around, which, by the way, did ſomewhat ſtartle our Hero; but at laſt, after many Repetitions, the old Woman ſaw ſomething ariſe out of the ground like a Ghoſt: at the ſame time ſhe threw her ſelf at the King's Feet much affrighted, and cr'd out, *Ah! my Liege, why have you deceiv'd me? you are the King.*

The King, who began to be afraid in good earneſt, endeavour'd

to

to take heart by incouraging the old Woman, and gave her his Royal Word that no harm ſhould befal her; and then preſt her to tell him what ſhe had ſeen.

I ſee, ſaid the Devil's old Acquaintance, *ſomething like the Ghoſt of a Man ariſing out of the ground.*

What ſhape hath it, ſaid the King. *If my Spectacles doth not deceive me*, ſaid ſhe, *it ſhould be a fat ſquabby kind of a Man, about fifty years of Age, with a blew Ribbon about him, and an hard favour'd Countenance.*

The King knew him by theſe Tokens, and call'd to him twice, *Is it you*, Louvois? ſaid he, *Why will you not anſwer?*

At theſe words the Ghoſt that reſembled the Marqueſs *de Louvois*, anſwerd, *Ah Sir! why do you trouble me, to make me riſe, and viſit this World again? Ah dear* Louvois! *It is becauſe I am very much perplex'd, and*

and cannot tell what to do, said the King, *my Enemies have encompaſs'd me all around, and preſs me very hard, principally the Prince of* Orange, *who doth not give me ſo much as leiſure to breathe; he preſſes poor* Luxemburgh *ſo very hard every day, and is ſo eager to bring him to a Battel in* Flanders (*which yet according to the direction you bequeath'd me, he hath been ſo happy as to avoid*) *that notwithſtanding all our Works, I am affraid that one day or other he will force our Trenches, and ſerve* Luxemburgh *worſe than he did formerly at the Battel of* Mons; *neither Hedges, Defilés, Brooks, nor other Difficulties can ſtay him and his deſperate Engliſh. For* (*what's almoſt incredible*) *they have lately whip'd even my Houſhold Forces from poſt to poſt; and though at laſt, through the badneſs and unpaſſableneſs of the ways, the neighbourhood of my whole Army,*

its

its advantageous poſt, and other difficulties, not poſſible to be overcome by mortal men, they were oblig'd to deſiſt from their daring Attempt; yet I am in a continual Agony, leſt thoſe bloody Maſtives force the old Wolf in his very Den. Beſides, alas! I have woful Stories to tell you if you have not heard them below already. Ah! Louvois, *the Caſe is much alter'd ſince I loſt you;* Lymerick *has been oblig'd to yield to the Prince of* Orange, *and with it all* Ireland; *and to enhance my woes, the Council of* Spain *made choice of the Elector of* Bavaria *to govern their* Netherlands *in the place of the good Marqueſs* de Caſtanaga; *ſo, beſides the loſs which I am at now for getting Horſes out of thoſe parts as formerly, you may judge what further diſappointment I am at. But the worſt of all is, that theſe plaguy Engliſh are not yet ſatisfied with the re-*

reduction of Ireland, *and allarming me daily in* Flanders, *but they threaten, forsooth! to give me such an unwelcome Visit as their Ancestors formerly have done. I have had timely notice given me of this, by my Pensioners in that Kingdom, who, as you know, are not a few; and, to prevent it, I had not only got together on the Coast of* Normandy *a considerable Body of my Men, besides my Brother* James's *Irish Fry, who being turn'd out of* Ireland *thought themselves cock-sure of a good Settlement in* England *upon the Encouragement we had from thence: But, when we thought so too as well as they, my Fleet which was to make way for them, and secure their landing, was so abominably mawl'd by that of the Enemy, some of which we expected to have sided with us; that I may almost say it is now no more: My* Royal Sun, *and some twenty more of my best Ships*

Ships were burnt and destroy'd in the sight of my Army, whilst my Foes Lord it over the Seas, and I do not know but that this very moment they may have made a descent into my Country. Now in these Exigencies lost, undone on all parts, destitute of solid Councils, I sent for you out of the Abyss to Consult you, and take right measures upon what I ought to do; for I have call'd upon the blessed Virgin, my Patroness, but she hath not vouchsafed me an Answer.

And do you think I can satisfie you better, *reply'd* Louvois; why did you make her your Enemy by stripping her and her Altars of their most costly Ornaments?

I did it in imitation of the Roman *Dictators*, said the King.

The Case is different, *said* Louvois. If in the times of old *Rome* the Dictators some times took out of the Temples of their Gods their Gold and

and Silver Veſſels, they did it by the Authority of the Laws, which allow'd this in the Exigencies of their Republick: But you did it by your ſingle Authority, out of your own Head, without the leaſt ſhadow of Law to colour the Theft, meerly to to ſhew that your *ſic volo, ſic jubeo* extends to the very Altar. By this you have loſt your Title to the Protection of Heaven. Ah Sir! You had done better had you follow'd my Counſel, and left that alone, and not have perſecuted your Subjects: But you wiſely choſe to follow the Advice of your Miſtreſſes, and your damn'd Counſellors in ſpight of mine. Remember alſo that you have not only rob'd your Neighbour of his Goods, but alſo of his Wife: For which cauſe you ſhall be purſued by your Enemies; The Sword of the Man whom you deſpis'd ſhall reach you,

and you will fly before him. Your Kingdom will be invaded, a Civil War will follow, the Son shall rise against his Father, and those on whom you have trampled will rise up all at once against you: Famine, Slaughter, and Mortality will be the Fruits of that war, and the Grief you will feel, to see your self reduc'd to fly before the Prince of *Orange* your mortal Enemy, will soon send you where I am.

Louis le Grand trembled to hear this dreadful Sentence, and his heart began to fail him. The Woman upon this did her best to chear up his Courage with a comforting Dram, which revived him a little; and then he took heart of grace, and continued to speak to the Ghost.

Pray, said he, Louvois, *do you think you was poison'd, as some of the Physicians who visited you, gave it*

it out? For if you was, I will make so ſtrict an inquiry about it, and puniſh the Guilty ſo ſeverely, that your Family will ſee that I have not forgot your Services.

Alas Sir! *reply'd* Louvois, I cannot give you any account of this: All I know is, that as I came out of your Majeſty's Cloſet, I was ſeiz'd with a great Palpitation of Heart, and felt a raging fire in my Intrails, that made me give up the Ghoſt, even with the Mineral Waters, which I had juſt taken, within me. Thus I had neither time to Repent nor Confeſs, and therefore having not receiv'd the Abſolution of my Sins, nor made Reſtitution of what (like many other great Miniſters) I had unlawfully gotten, I am now moſt intollerably tormented, it being too late to remedy it.

How? ſaid the King, *Can they be ſo uncivil where you are, as not to*

have ſome conſideration for you, whom all the World reſpected ſo much whilſt you liv'd. Sure they can never be ſo unmannerly?

Alas Sir! The meaneſt Poſt-Boy or Penny-Secretary is eſteem'd as much below as the greateſt Miniſter; we all are equal there, as your Majeſty will find it one day; and if there is any difference among us, 'tis only in the Puniſhment that is inflicted on us, which is always proportionable to the Ills we have committed in the World.

Lewis, who naturally loves his Pleaſure as well as any he in his Kingdom, and as little covets to hear of Pain and Suffering, as a Convicted Malefactor a Diſcourſe about Ropes and Gallows, cut him ſhort, and reſum'd the Diſcourſe about his Death. *If by chance it were true that you have been poyſon'd* (continued he) *who is it you would ſuſpect;*

ſuſpect ? It ſhould not be your Sons, ſure ; though they doubtleſs, like Sons at Age to ſpend an Eſtate, heartily long'd to be abſolute Maſters of yours, and have often complained to their Friends, that you allowed them but four thouſand Crowns a year for ſpending Money, and that they could not keep one poor kind Sinner for their ſafer Recreation, but you immediately conveyed her out of the way ; though you at the ſame time allow'd your ſelf the priviledge to have ſeveral.

Sir, *ſaid* Louvois, in both reſpects I only follow'd your Majeſty's laudable Example. For what better Model could I have propos'd to my ſelf, than my Prince ? I often preach'd to them that the Servant is not greater than his Maſter, and they like Dutiful Children, have ſhew'd themſelves well ſatisfied with this. For which reaſon I do not be-

lieve they had any hand in my death.

Should it not be then ſome of your Miſtreſſes ? ſaid the King. *A jealous Woman is a kind of a dangerous Animal, and Revenge is not a little cuſtomary among them, as poor* Fontange *found by woful experience. As I am told, you din'd that day with the Princeſs* d'Epinoy, *Madam* de Soubize, *and ſome other whoſe name I do not well remember.*

Had I gotten a Miſtreſs among thoſe Ladies, what would ſhe have got by my death ? *ſaid* Louvois. By your Bounty I had Means to ſatisfie them all: Gold is a powerful Friend, a prevailing Advocate, and a never failing Reconciler with the Sex: they loſt too much by my death to imagine them the cauſe of it. How many Wives and Daughters, when they could not get Money of their Husbands or Friends,

Friends, or had broke themſelves at play, were glad to find a Man that would lend upon Perſonal Security, and not ſo much as require a Bond?

Should it not be then ſome of your Servants, ask'd the King? *Some of them were Foreigners, and Subjects to my Enemies, who might think by your death to change the whole face of Affairs, and favour their natural Princes.*

I can hardly believe it, *ſaid* Louvois, for I always advanc'd their Fortunes; and the very loweſt, when they once could get into my Service, flatter'd their hopes with no leſs than a Commiſſion of Commiſſary of War. 'Tis hard I ſhould be poyſon'd: Methinks, that of all Deaths I deſerv'd that the leaſt; I ever diſapprov'd that baſe method of deſtroying Men, and did not a little deteſt the Tragical end of

two Princes who have been barbarously taken off that way some years ago, as also the Design which your Court has upon several others still alive, because they opposed your Interest. But, if I should suspect any of poysoning me, it should be your Madam *de Maintenon* by the Inducement of her Council of Conscience.

How? My good Lady de Maintenon! cry'd the King. *Ah!* Louvois, *speak with more moderation of a Woman whom I honour, and that seems to outvie even* Mary Magdalen *her self in acts of Piety, since she hath been advanc'd to my Bed.*

Sir, *said* Louvois, I come from a place where the greatest of your World are not those I have the most cause to fear; we surly Infernal Beings have as little Complaisance for Ladies as you Mortals have much; and your Right Reverend

rend Fathers of the Society are as little rever'd among us as they would be by a *Geneva* Crew, or an *Engliſh* Mobile: When once thoſe Fathers tumble down into our Quarters, all their Intreagues, their Malice and Hypocriſie ſtays behind, and the bleſſed effect of their dark Deeds and eaſie condeſcending Morals is rewarded below, with a double ſhare of our black Maſter's favour, that is, they are put to greater Torments than the reſt.

But why are you ſo uncharitable as to lay your Misfortune at my good Lady Maintenon's *door?* ſaid the King; *ſhe that minds nothing beſides pleaſing me and her prayers. Beſides, I know that ſhe hath caus'd a World of Maſſes to be ſaid for the reſt of your Soul, which doubtleſs muſt have done you much good.*

Oh! ſhe is a pure one, *ſaid* Louvois, and much like her Jeſu-

itick *Privado's* for Piety. I ſuſpect her ſo much the more, as ſhe hath been my profeſs'd Enemy ever ſince ſhe had the good Fortune to find a place in your Majeſty's Bed; ſhe openly declar'd againſt me in favour of *Colbert*'s Family; and not to flatter you, Sir, Father *la Chaiſe* and ſhe having known that I had adviſ'd you to call back the *Hugonots*, for the good of your Kingdom during this War, and not to delay it till your Enemies re-eſtabliſht them there by their own Authority; I need not much enquire for the Cauſe of a Diſaſter which hath been no leſs fatal to me, than to your Son-in-law the Prince *de Conti*.

What's that you ſay of my Coſin? ſaid the King haſtily.

How Sir? *ſaid* Louvois, doth not your Majeſty know, that as ſoon as you had been wrought upon

on by Father *la Chaiſe* to put into his hand an Order to cut off all the *Hugonots* in your Kingdom, after the Example of your Predeceſſor *Charles* IXth, the Prince of *Condé*, who heard of it, (ſeeing that by this Action the remaining Honour of *France* would be altogether loſt) went immediately to the Prince of *Conti* his Kinſman, who being your Son-in-law, he thought fitter to prevail with you to call back ſo bloody and deteſtable an Order; and diſſwaded your Majeſty from ſo pernicious a Deſign? You cannot have forgot that you ſent him to Father *la Chaiſe*, who like a ravenous Wolf had ſeiz'd that helliſh Commiſſion with an extreme pleaſure, and would by no means give it back; though, the Prince having ſomewhat ſeverely threatned him, he at laſt reſign'd it into his hands, with a great deal of ſorrow, and not

with

not without ſome angry Menaces. Accordingly, the kind Fathers did not forget him, for he did not live very long after it. Why ſhould I imagine then that they have ſpar'd me more than they did that Prince: No, they doubtleſs ſacrificed me to their mercileſs Reſentments, and I very much fear, that if your Majeſty doth not make choice of another Council of Conſcience, you will become the Politick Father's Tool, and wheadling *Maintenon*'s Bubble. I was amaz'd to hear, at my Arrival in the Infernal Regions, that your Scepter by little and little is dwindling into a Diſtaff. Madam *de Maintenon* is all the talk there; little hump-back'd *Scarron* cannot tell what to think of it, he is amaz'd to hear what mighty Honours you heap on his Widow; and eſteems himſelf more honour'd by the Choice which your Majeſty

hath

hath made of her to ſhare your Bed, and be your only Favourite to whom you unboſom your moſt important Secrets, than he would be by being the matchleſs Author of the *Æneis* he burleſqu'd. He hath been complimented by the whole Infernal Court upon the Fraternity between him and your Majeſty. However, let your Majeſty take heed, for Women are frail, and having generally a Venom hid within them, which none but thoſe that try it can know, and being eaſily gain'd, like *Dalilah* by the *Philiſtines* to betray *Sampſon*, ſometimes they even ruin their Lovers and Benefactors.

Not if they are as devout as ſhe is, cry'd the King: *Alas! good Lady, ſhe is a very Saint, even by the report of her Confeſſor. But no more of her; I have other things of importance to Diſcourſe of with you.*

I

I am in a ſad perplexity on the ſide of the Alps: *The Duke of* Savoy *with a powerful Army is marching up into* Dauphiné, *aſſiſted by a Body of certain* French Hugonots *and* Vaudois, *and other Troops commanded by one of the* Schombergs, *whilſt poor* Catinat, *with a handful of Men is penn'd up in the Hills.* Pignerol *and* Cazal *are block'd up, the whole* Dauphiné *and* Provence *in an uproar, and* Lyons *it ſelf allarm'd. Thoſe curſed* Germans *and* Huſſars *who are with them, and have no more mercy on a French-man than the Devil hath on a Sinner, will make a diſmal havock, if they proceed: I was much afraid of them laſt year, but happily through differences about* Punctilio's *betwixt ſome great Officers, and their ſlow marches, they did me no great harm. I endeavour'd to poſſeſs my ſelf of* Coni, *to ſecure my ſelf better againſt them, but*

but my Men had the misfortune to raise the Siege, by the brave Resistance if some French Hugonots *and others that defended it. I must confess that this Miscarriage touch'd me to the quick.*

Without doubt, *interrupted* Louvois, it must needs have griev'd you so much the more, as, being us'd generally to take Towns with little resistance, it may be said that *Coni*, and *Gironne* in *Catalonia*, are the two only places that have baffled you. But since you are prest so hard, why do you not offer your Nephew of *Savoy* a Peace?

I have, said the King, *but without success: I us'd all the means I could think of to bring him to it. I have set the Pope about him, and have imploy'd* Rebenac *and many Emissaries towards all the Princes of* Italy. *I have even solicited the* Suissers *to ingage them in a Mediation,*

tion, and notwithſtanding all the Submiſſions I have us'd, have not been able to effect any thing.

What if you ſhould propoſe to him a Match between the Princeſs his Daughter and the Duke of *Burgundy*, ſaid *Louvois*, ſo to have an opportunity to yield to him more honourably what you have taken from him? If you are not able to do better, offer him alſo *Pignerol.*

What would then become of Cazal? return'd the King; *That place which I bought with ready Money of the Duke of* Mantua: *'twas you that bargain'd with him about it, to have a paſſage into* Italy.

I know it, *ſaid* Louvois, but in an exigency a man might ſuffer another to cut off his Arm, to ſave the reſt of his Body. That Town is at a great diſtance from your Kingdom, coſts you much to keep, and

and you are lookt upon there as an incroaching Foreigner, ſo that without doubt all *Italy*, and the Pope himſelf would be infinitely pleas'd to ſee your Forces far enough from it.

If ever I am oblig'd to yield it up, ſaid the King, *I will endeavour to bear that loſs cheerfully, provided it procures me a Peace; otherwiſe I will defend it to the laſt extremity. But whenever I make Peace with the Duke of* Savoy, *I'll endeavour to exclude the Raſcally* Vaudois: *they are a pack of Curs that have done me too much miſchief to be left unpuniſhed; for I may ſay that they have kill'd me more men then all the reſt of the Confederates.*

Truly, *ſaid* Louvois, you will find this more difficult then you imagine; they are now the Duke's beſt Soldiers; and it is not to be believ'd that he will ever Sacrifice them

them to your Majesty's Resentments. You had best leave those Curs, as you call them, in their Kennels. Father *la Chaise* and Madam *Maintenon* gave you a pernicious Counsel, when they perswaded you to cause those poor Fellows to be attack'd in their Valleys, where they did you no manner of harm: Since that time all *Europe* hath been upon your back.

'Tis easie for you to talk thus, said the King, *but difficult for me to follow your advice; for that beggerly Crew hath already destroy'd above twelve or fifteen thousand of my Men, and a great number of Officers, whom they us'd to shoot from their craggy Mountains as soon as ever they spy'd them*

And many more will be serv'd so by them, *said* Louvois; you see what Mischiefs false Zeal brings upon you.

Zeal

Zeal, you may ſay, cry'd the King, *but no falſe Zeal. When I ſollicited the Duke of* Savoy *to purſue that People, and lent them my Miſſionary Dragoons to invade their Valleys, I did it becauſe I look't upon them as the Original and Center of Hereſie; for ſome would even make me believe that Hereſie has been planted there ſince the time of the Apoſtles; therefore I was fond of having the honour of Extirpating that old Hereſie, by attacking it in its Neſt and ſtrongeſt hold.*

But, pray what Miſſion had your Majeſty to do that, ſaid *Louvois*; you have been wheedled into it I know, and thoſe that pamper your Ambition have colour'd the buſineſs to you, and conceal'd the bad Conſequences of it, juſt as they gild Pills, to have them ſwallow'd down without bitterneſs. Believe me, Sir, in our Sooty Regions Diſſimulation

ſimulation and Flattery are out of Doors. Baniſh out of your Preſence all thoſe nauſeous Panegyriſts and flattering Paraſites, that poiſon you with fulſom Praiſes; thoſe fawning Sycophants and Low-ſpirited Scatterers of Incenſe which they ſell and proſtitute for a mean Reward, look on them only as a Band of dangerous *Syrens*, that prognoſticate to you nothing but Ruin, and whoſe pleaſing Voice will at laſt caſt you on ſome deſtroying Rock. Away with this preſumptuous Vanity, that makes you aſſume the Emblem and Prerogative of no leſs Univerſal a Monarch, than the Sun, with your *Nec pluribus impar*, as if, when *Phaeton*-like you ſet not only your Kingdom, but the whole World on fire, it belong'd to you to pretend like that glorious and matchleſs Luminary to the Capacity of Enlightning and Ruling more

Worlds

Worlds than one. Lay down that hated Name of Great, it was ever fatal to those that assume it during their Life; remember that the Dictator *Sylla* chose rather to be Sirnam'd *The Happy*, than *The Great*. And above all, forbear to molest your Subjects for their Religion, and take warning by *Charles* the IX. your Predecessor. This I seriously advise you to do, being no more in a condition to flatter you. It had gone better with me now, had I not done it too much whilst I liv'd.

The King, who relish'd this Advice no more than a thorow pac'd *Debauché* would like a Discourse of Repentance and Mortification, took an opportunity to ask the Ghost, *How that Predecessor of his* Charles *the* IX. *far'd below*, to put an end to the Ghosts unpleasant Admonitions.

Sir,

Sir, *reply'd the Ghoſt*, Kings are not known among us by their number, but by the moſt remarkable Actions of their Reign: For Example, this *Charles* you inquire about, and who below is ſtrip'd of all diſtinctions of Royalty, is diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of *The Murtherer*, and as he delighted in blood, he is plac'd in an arm'd Chair fill'd with keen Daggers Points, where they continually pour down his Throat great quantities of corrupted Blood, and when the thirſty Wretch is gorg'd with it ſo, that he is ready to burſt, they ſhoot him with Piſtols and Muskets into the Belly, that ſo, having voided by his Wounds the blood which he had been forc'd to ſwallow, he may immediately be made to take in more, and thus his pain be everlaſting.

That's

That's hard, ſaid the King with a ſhrug ; *Poor Gentleman, I am heartily ſorry for him : But pray , how doth my Grandfather* Henry *the* IV. *among you ?*

As for your Grand-father, *reply'd* Louvois, I do not know him, but *Henry* the IV. is much better us'd than his Coſin *Charles* the IX. We know better things than to talk of your Genealogy there, for we have ſome very cunning People of all Nations, well skill'd in the Geneologies of all the Families in the World, who would make it appear as clear as Noon-day to your Majeſty, that there is not the leaſt likelyhood that you ſhould be deſcended of *Henry* the Great.

Surely they can never be ſo impudent, ſaid *Lewis.*

Nay but they are , *reply'd the Ghoſt*, and a great deal more Impudence they have, I muſt tell you , they

they are even so daring, as to assert that you are not so much as the Son of *Lewis* the XIII. and do it with so much assurance and subtilty, that your greatest Friends have not the least word to reply. They prove it, by the frailty of Women, by the impotence of a certain Husband, and a thousand other Reasons and Stratagems, too long to be related now.

How, cry'd the King angrily, *can they offer to say that I am not my Father's Son? Can they deny that Queen* Anne *of* Austria *was my Mother? That I was born the fifth of* September, *in the Year* 1638. *during the Life of* Lewis *the* XIII. *my Father, who enjoy'd at that time his perfect health? That alone is an unquestionable proof, and not to be contested before any Tribunal, or Civilian in the World.*

Right,

Right, *said* Louvois, before a *Paris*-Parliament, or ſome ſuch other Juriſdiction, you might paſs for as Legitimate as any Man; but below, where Civil or Cannon Law, *Common Pleas* or *Chancery* have as little Power as the Pope's Thunderbolts over miſ-believing *Turks*; never minding all thoſe Quirks and formal Devices which we leave to you poor miſlead Mortals the Bubbles of the Petifogging Tribe, we come to the Point, that is, Whether the thing be or not: For this reaſon, none troubles his Brain about his own Pedigree, nor Muſters up a long train of doubtful Anceſtors, which would not do him the leaſt kindneſs, ſince every one is obliged to bear his own burthen; and were a Man ſprung out of *Jupiter*'s Thigh, it would not entitle him to the leaſt Prerogative over another, nor aſſwage the leaſt part of his Torments.

I ſhould ſay nothing to your Genealogiſts, ſaid the King, *were they only diſputing about a Prince of* Condé, *who pop't into the World ſome thirteen Months after his Father's deceaſe. Had I thus lagg'd behind three or four Months, ſomething indeed might be ſaid; but to call a Man's Legitimacy into queſtion, who was born whilſt his father liv'd, is altogether unſufferable, and the moſt litigious Imp of the Law, the moſt cenſorious Fomenter of Doubts and Diſputes would bluſh to hear it argued. But let us leave the Dead alone, and forbear to diſturb their Aſhes. I have things of greater moment to talk of. The Reduction of* Ireland *hath brought a Deluge of Troubles upon me.*

I have heard, *ſaid* Louvois, of your ill Succeſs on that ſide by the arrival of St. *Ruth* and a vaſt number of others from thence; and indeed,

deed, I expected no better when I ſaw King *James* come ſneaking back, after he had bravely run away, even before his Enemies had well paſs'd the *Boyn*, and left his Competitor Maſter of the Field, and conſequently of the Kingdom. I had ſo little hopes of any good Succeſs on that ſide, that I only ſent there ſuch Men as I wanted to be rid of; for had I thought that there would be any Glory gain'd in the Expedition, the Count *de Lauzun* ſhould have been the laſt Man I would have ſent there: I had no ſuch kindneſs for him to procure him ſo conſiderable an advantage, as is that of being the Deliverer of a Kingdom. I never promis'd to my ſelf another end than that of gaining Time, to enable your Majeſty to maintain your ſelf the better in *Flanders* in the mean while, and to bring your E-

nemies, tired by the length and tediouſneſs of the War, to ſue for a Peace.

• *That ſhort ſpace of time hath coſt me very dear*, ſaid the King: *For I reckon that* Ireland *hath been to me another* Meſſina. *I begin to be of the mind of thoſe who ſay, that it is always of bad conſequence to concern our ſelves with other Men's affairs; for after all, what have I got by both? I have drain'd my Kingdom of Men and Money for both thoſe places, and have nothing left of them: Nay, the Troubles of* Meſſina *have only ſerv'd to ſettle and ſtrengthen there for the future the King of* Spain's *Authority, as thoſe of* Ireland *have added to the Prince of* Orange's *Glory; not to ſpeak of* Hungary, *which coſts me as much at leaſt, and the worſt is, that I am forc'd to be as it were Count* Teckely's *Tributary, and ſend him continual Supplies of*

of Money, leſt he make his Peace with the Emperour. But what troubles me more, is the thoughts of being forc'd to diſmiß that Unfortunate Royal Couple, who owe their Misfortune chiefly to me; though, after all, ſhould I baniſh them, it would not be the firſt time that I have ſerv'd one of them ſo.

You have to do with an Enemy ſo generous, *ſaid* Louvois, that it is very likely he will not deſire you to do it.

I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, ſaid the King, *that he behav'd himſelf very generouſly and juſtly after the taking of* Lymerick; *for though the Articles were very advantageous to the beſieged, he hath cauſed them to be religiouſly obſerved. But pray, what ſays St.* Ruth *of his ill chance?*

His greateſt grief, *reply'd* Louvois, is to have fall'n by the hands of his mortal Enemies the *Hugonots.*

He is ſo inrag'd at it, that he foams and raves, and hath importun'd the Prince of Darkneſs to give him leave to aſcend into this World, though it were but to torment them with his Ghoſt; but he hath found him another Imployment: Seeing him ſo furious, that he may make uſe of his Courage, ſome Infernal Dragons are ſet againſt him, who continually vomit Fire and Sulphur upon him, ſo that he is doom'd to a warmer Ingagement than he could

I pity him with all my heart, ſaid *Lewis*, *for whatever he did againſt the* Hugonots *was by my orders; and for my part, having paſs'd my word to the Queen, I could not go back. The Fathers of the Society have been mighty ſorry for his loſs, for he was ſo much their Friend, that when all my other Officers refus'd to undertake that Booted Miſſion, which was*

to Convert at once near two Millions of Hereticks, he undertook and performed it to a miracle. He was another kind of Man than your Marquiſs D'Uxelles, *of whom, by the way, I have had but too much cauſe to complain. As much a Brute as he is, at your recommendation I made him a Lieutenant-General, which he had not yet deſerv'd. But* Catinat, *as much an Hermit as he is, hath given me much more ſatisfaction. You may remember, that when I propos'd to you to make uſe of him on the ſide of* Italy, *you told me that you had no good Opinion of a Monk who had caſt off his Cowle: But I told you that he was not ſo much an Hermit as you took him for; and that if he had formerly travell'd into* Italy *in the habit of an Hermit, it was to inſinuate himſelf the better into all the Courts, well knowing that of all Coats that of a Monk is the fit-*

teſt to hide an Intreague of any kind. Accordingly he informed me of many things that have oblig'd me afterwards to make choice of him to head my Army in Piedmont, *where he has done me ſuch good Service, that I reſerve for him a Marſhal of* France's *Staff.*

What, ſaid *Louvois*, for his overſight in ſuffering the Duke of *Savoy* and *Schomberg* to march up to *Embrun* and ravage *Provence* and *Dauphiné*, whilſt he being tool'd by the Duke's making a ſhew of Beſieging *Pignerol*, hath let him paſs by? Sure your Penſioners and Spies were aſleep when this was projected, that they gave him no notice of it, as they formerly uſed. What do you intend to do in this Caſe? I hear that the new Converts flock to the Enemy's Camp already, and whenever the other, *Schomberg* with an Army of reſolute *Engliſh*, Land into

to your Kingdom with Arms for your miſ-us'd Subjects, I fear that it will be much worſe.

I will ſend the Arriereban and Militia againſt them, and Detachments from my Army in Flanders, ſaid the King.

That is, when you may ſpare them, *reply'd* Louvois; and as for your Arriereban and Militia, I fancy they will have no great heart to fight for you. To convince you of it, I'll relate to you a Tale which *Eſop* apply'd to your Caſe t'other day whilſt, with his likeneſs *Scarron*, we were arguing that Caſe together below.

The Aſs and his Maſter. A Fable.

In the Time of *Balaam*'s Aſs, when that grave Cattel ſpoke better Senſe then many Men do now-a-days, a certain Ill-natur'd griping Fellow

was trudging on with his Aſs, as heavy laden with Goods as he himſelf was with ſins. The poor drudging Devil was as lean as a rake, having hardly ſuch a pittance of Straw allow'd him as would keep Life and Soul together; yet at the ſame time the hard-hearted Tyrant had the Conſcience to lay him on with Crab-tree, as if poor *Grizles* skin had already been fitted to a Kettle Drum. As the Aſs made the beſt of his way, according to the Politick Maxim of all his conſiderate kind, and doubled his pace as his Maſter had his Load and Manual kindneſs, the ſooner to be rid of both, his Driver perceiv'd ſome Enemies coming, and thump'd and goaded him on ſo unmercifully, that at laſt down tumbles Pack and Beaſt. You need not ask if the other preſs'd him to riſe: *Doſt thou not ſee thoſe Men that are coming upon*

upon us, said he, *thou dull Lady Jade? Come rise and be damn'd, that we may get out of their Clutches. Not I*, reply'd the Animal with his usual gravity; *I am not the Ass you take me for; I'll not budge a foot; 'tis twenty to one they'l ease me of my Burthen, and at least I am sure they can never load me more.*

Thus misused Subjects generally desert their Tyrannical Masters as soon as they see the least opportunity to be freed from their Slavery; and chiefly the Poor, who having nothing to lose, may well better, but can never impair their Fortunes by a Revolution.

How then, *continued* Louvois, can you trust your Militia and Arriere-ban, principally those of the Neighbourhood of *Provence*, *Dauphiné*, and *Languedoc*, a great part of whom are *Hugonots* in their hearts, and have been forc'd with all the Barbarity

barity imaginable, to abjure their Opinions, and been treated, notwithſtanding their compliance, with the utmoſt Severity ever ſince? You cannot ſpare any Men out of your Army on the *Rhyne*, all they can do is to move from place to place under the Cover of *Philipsbourgh*, or ſo, to ſecure themſelves from the two Armies commanded by the *Landgrave* of *Heſſe*, and the *Margrave* of *Bareith*: you know that all the Detachments which you ſent after the Reduction of *Namur* are hardly able to make the Scales even there; and now that your Friend *Schoningh* is found out, and like to be ſeverely puniſh'd, the Elector of *Saxony* being no more prepoſſeſt, and likely to joyn his Forces to theirs, you will be preſs'd as hard on that ſide as you are in *Flanders*. You ſee what 22 Battalions of the Enemy have done againſt 45 of yours:

yours: you know very well that their Foot is better than yours; and ſince *Luxemburgh* is forc'd to keep himſelf cloſe within his Trenches and ſtrengthen his Camp every day, how can he ſend away any of his Men? You will find that the Army that faces him will one day or other, either force him to fight, or take ſome Town before his face, and perhaps that very Town which you are ſo proud for having taken, and which has given occaſion to the Motto of your Medal,

Amat Victoria Teſtes.

When the News of that Motto came to us, *Scarron*, whoſe Widow your dear *Maintenon* is nam'd *Victoria*, could not forbear ſaying that it was very true in one ſenſe, and as he hop'd, referr'd at preſent only to your Majeſty's Amour, but that your

your Enemies could as lawfully apply it to their Victory at Sea, and the burning your Ships on your own Shoar in the ſight of K. *James*, and the Army that was Incamp'd there, as you do to *Namur*. Another, who doubtleſs was no great well-wiſher to your Intereſt, ſaid, That a Sun juſt ſet in the Weſtern Ocean, and only viſible by Refraction, with this ſingle word *Occubuit*, would be a more proper Deviſe to mark the Fate of your Admiral and Fleet at a Weſtern Point of your Kingdom, and might alſo be applicable to you, who take the Sun for your Emblem; for whatever we may ſay, he pretends that you are already down, and through prejudice only for a while ſeem bigger than before, as the Sun doth when he ſets in the Horizon. For my part, I cannot deny that he is partly in the right; neither do I

ſee

ſee how you can hold out any longer. Whilſt you was only preſt hard on the ſide of *Flanders*, the Danger, though great, was nothing near ſo conſiderable as now that you are ſtorm'd on all ſides; the worſt was the likelyhood of loſing ſome Town, for you have always wiſely avoided a Battel, and you ſee by the late Bruſh, how your Army would be mawl'd, ſhould it come to a fair puſh with that of the Enemy. Your loſs hath been greater than theirs, notwithſtanding the odds were on your ſide, and the officious Spies you had near his Highneſs of *Bavaria*'s Perſon, who gave you warning to ſtrengthen your Avenues, for which one of your Intelligencers hath been rewarded ſince with a Rope. The many Officers you have loſt, and principally thoſe of the Houſhold, occaſion doubtleſs a great noiſe at your

your Court, and more than if double the number of others had been cut off, Well, there is now no help for't: But do not forget that you had better loſe five or ſix Towns than one Battel. My reaſon for it is, That in all likelyhood, whenever your Enemies come to a Peace with you, you will be oblig'd to make them full Reſtitution of the Provinces and Towns of which you have poſſeſs'd your ſelf; ſo that in the main, the loſs of ſome of them, before a Peace, can be of no ſuch conſequence. But the loſs of a Battel would draw many Towns, and perhaps Provinces after it, and precipitate your ruin. The Chief thing, is to gain time; for if it happen that ſome of the Confederates die, or ſome differences divide them, or that being tired with the length and charge of the War, they—

I have not forgot, ſaid the King interrupting him, *the Precepts which the good old Cardinal* Mazarine *us'd to give me: To allay the heat of my youth, he often repeated to me theſe words in his own Native Language*, Figliol mio, chi quadagna tempo guadagna molto, *Son he who gains time, gains much; and now I find that he was in the right. Before my Enemies are ready, I generally ſnap one Town or other, and that is all I can do, which after all makes a greater noiſe than it doth me good; for thoſe Expeditions coſt me mighty dear, what with bribing Officers, Penſioners, Spies, then Magazines for Forage and Ammunition, and all Military Preparations, beſides the loſs of Officers and Soldiers; ſo that if I find that I have ſome Towns more, I alſo find that I have many thouſands of Subjects, and millions of Money leſs in my Kingdom. The*

worſt

worſt is, that if I took on ſtill one Town each year for ten years together, which is the utmoſt of my deſire or expectation, I ſhould not be much more forwards than I am; and having little or no Trade abroad, whilſt my Enemies carry theirs on with little Interruption, I fear I ſhall exhauſt my Kingdom of Men and Money in taking Towns, and then be forc'd to reſign them up at laſt for want of Means to puſh on the War; which would break my heart: Therefore I am not more idle in Winter then during the Spring; the cold Seaſon is as it were the Mother of Negotiations; ſo if I can but keep out my Enemies till the next, I will ſet ſo many Engines at work, that ſome good muſt come of them at laſt: for hitherto I muſt confeſs I have done little, or to ſpeak more properly, nothing at all that way, though I have Miniſters in all the Northern and

Italian

Italian *Courts who keep the Neutrality, and even Emiſſaries and Penſioners in the Courts of all my Enemies. In vain I make a noiſe at* Rome, *and cry that the P. of* Orange *is the Head of the* Hugonots, *and hath a deſign to eſtabliſh his Hereſie every where, no body will hear me, and for my part, I verily believe he hath as many Friends in the Colledge of Cardinals as I have. The Cardinals that are in my Intereſt are oppoſed by the* German *and* Spaniſh *Cardinals, and no leſs by the* Italians. *So I cannot oblige them to* [illegible] *the Duke of* Savoy *to accept of a Peace, though I would grant him advantageous Terms.*

You do well, *ſaid* Louvois, for you muſt take heed, leſt whilſt you ſtrive to gain without, you loſe within your Kingdom. I am ſatisfied that a good part of your Subjects are diſcontented, and being made

made desperate by the heavy Pressures under which they have groan'd since your Reign, are ripe for a Revolution, principally now they see themselves likely to be back'd by those powerful Enemies that press so hard at your Doors. If an inward fire be once kindled, it will spread from Province to Province in a short time, and all your Art and Power will never prevail to quench it.

What must I do then to prevent it, said the King.

You must, *reply'd* Louvois, begin with offering to restore all things in the state they were in immediately after the Peace of *Nimeghen*, and if that will not do, you must go back as far as the *Pyrenean* Treaty.

I had rather lose my Crown altogether, cry'd the King, *than make such inglorious offers.*

A Crown is a very precious and charming Jewel, *return'd* Louvois, and ought never to be laid down, but with our Life; a King that hath loſt his Kingdom makes a very odd Figure wherever he goes. Take warning by that unfortunate Prince now at your Court, and do but obſerve how he is look't upon in *France*; did not your Majeſty cauſe him to be reſpected, few People would have that Conſideration for him which they ſhew, and it would go much worſe with him, if he were once oblig'd to leave your Kingdom by a Peace. I am ſenſible that the thoughts of giving back muſt needs be very diſpleaſing to you, who have been always us'd to take: But differing Times bring different Events, and as I told you, it is ſometimes convenient to loſe a Leg or an Arm to ſave the reſt. Your Predeceſſors *Henry* the IV.

and

and *Lewis* the XIII. were neither leſs Kings of *France*, nor leſs happy, though they never poſſeſs'd what your Majeſty hath conquer'd ſince. One thing you may do, if your Enemies will be ſatisfied with it, that is, you muſt, as Mariners do in the midſt of a Storm, promiſe much and perform little, according to the *Italian* Proverb, *El pericolo paſſato è gabato el Santo.*

When Ruin is nigh,
We whine and we cry,
And ſwear we'll be rul'd by Religion:
But no ſooner all's well
Then once more we rebel,
And think him that turns godly a
Widgeon.

This might have done ſomething formerly, ſaid the King, *but now that Coin will not paſs currant with my Enemies, and I am very much afraid*

afraid that I ſhall hereafter be forc'd to keep my word; at leaſt, they are indeavouring, as much as they can, to bring me to ſuch a Condition, that I ſhall not be able to break it with Impunity. Cardinal Mazarin, *however, always advis'd me* not to be a ſlave to my word, *telling me, That to keep it was the part of a private Man, but that a Prince ought never to go by any other Rule then his Intereſt. I wiſh the old crafty Politician were now alive, to ſee how he would bring me off with all his Cunning. He us'd to ſay, that he had always* una rouza, *a Stratagem, by him, as a hiddden reſerve to help him off at a dead lift; I am ſure I never wanted it more than now, I would make uſe of it againſt that ſtubborn Boy the Duke of* Savoy; *for nothing touches me more to the quick, then that he whom I had at my beck but t'other day, ſhould not only make*

Head

Head now againſt me, but have the Impudence to enter into my Territories in an Hoſtile manner.

I believe, *reply'd* Louvois, that it doth not a little grieve you, to ſee that a Duke of *Savoy* ſhould Invade the Kingdom of *France* in the victorious Reign of *Louis le Grand*. I muſt confeſs that it is a piece of mortification that goes very near your Majeſty's heart. But you muſt remember that formerly you ſpoke in as contemptible terms of the Prince of *Orange*; yet now he is become a powerful King; he is the Soul of the whole Party, and puts all the Members of that great Body into Motion: At the *Alps*, at the *Pyrenean* Mountains, in *Flanders*, on the *Rhine*, at Sea, every where you feel the effect of his Arms, or that of his Councils, ſince all your Enemies, by their deference to him, ſeem rather to follow his Dictates than

Dictates than their own; and I am afraid that the Ruins of the Citadel of *Orange* will, ſooner than you imagine, give him an opportunity to build up a new One there out of thoſe of yours which he ſhall demoliſh.

I'le take care to prevent all this, one way or other, ſaid the King.

Why do you not then immediately go about it? *ask'd* Louvois.

I ſtay, ſaid the King, *till the Confederates beg of me to make a Peace, and then you ſhall ſee what I'le do.*

I am afraid you muſt ſtay long then, *ſaid* Louvois: But what if you are forc'd to ask a Peace your ſelf?

That's impoſſible, ſaid the King; *but if I was reduc'd to it, then farewel my Name of* Le Grand.

We have ſeen ſtranger things then that, *ſaid* Louvois, witneſs the late Revolution in *England*.

It is no such difficult matter, said the King, *for a Prince to possess himself of a Kingdom, when most of the Nobility, Clergy, and Commons of it declare for him, and the Army that was to defend it comes in to him; at that time also, as it were to favour him, you engaged me in the Siege of* Philipsburgh, *instead of marching with my Army directly against the* States General.

As for the Siege of *Philipsburgh*, *reply'd* Louvois, the *Dauphin*'s Honour lay at stake there, so it was absolutely necessary to take that Town. Do not blame me therefore for the business of *England*, but rather your Ally, whose Nose bled as soon as the Prince approach'd, and who afterwards left the Kingdom without trying the last Event, as he also did in *Ireland*.

What

What would you have had that good Prince to have done, ſaid the King; *could he withſtand his Domeſtick and Foreign Enemies alone?*

Do you then, *ſaid* Louvois, reckon the Count *de Lauzun*, and the Ten thouſand *French* you had ſent him, to be no body? Truly, had he ever ſhew'd any great Love to his Son-in-law, one would have thought he had left him in poſſeſſion of the Land out of kindneſs; but we are convinc'd of the contrary by his former pious intent which made him ſeek means to ſteal away the Prince's loving Conſort, to beſtow her *Nolens volens* on the Dauphin, of which Intreague you cannot be ignorant, ſince you had a ſhare in the management. Neither are we ignorant of the whole buſineſs of the pretended Prince of *Wales*. The worſt is, that with his Crown the Abdicated Prince hath alſo loſt his

Title of King of *France*, which is devolv'd to his Succeſſor.

As for that ſuperannuated Title, ſaid the King, *I have bought it of the Prince who pretended to have it; and though I cannot but ſay that the Expences which I have been at for him in* Ireland, *have perhaps over-paid it, yet I am glad to have that Thorn out of my Foot, that theſe mad* Engliſh *may not have a pretence for troubling me, nor my Succeſſors, as they have done my Predeceſſors. As for King* James, *had not my Fleet met with that Diſaſter, which obliges it to keep at home for a while, I would have perhaps ſet him on his Throne: But all in good time; he tells me that he has a great Party ſtill that works under-hand for his Reſtoration.*

They make him and you believe ſo, on purpoſe to perſwade you to protect him and his Houſe, and the Jeſuits

Jesuits do it to get Money from you, under pretence of fomenting Divisions in the three Kingdoms, and widening the Differences among the People in Formalities and Punctilio's of Belief, wherein indeed some of them have been formerly successful enough. But I am afraid that many of those that fed you and him with the hopes of a great Party's appearing for him, would have deceiv'd you as much as 'tis said some of the Officers of their Fleet did, and that if they had met your Men, it would have been only to cut them to pieces, as others of their Nation have done lately in *Flanders*. However, I must needs own that it was politickly done to send that Prince to Invade *England*; for in the first place, though you did not foresee any likelyhood of settling him there again, yet you was in hopes to create a Civil War

there,or at leaſt to keep the *Engliſh* from invading you, which you can now by no means avoid, and is the moſt dreadful Storm that ever threatned you with Shipwrack; and in the next, you could not more handſomly rid your ſelf of that unfortunate Gentleman who ſeems to have brought his ill Fortune along with him into your Kingdom,which before his coming was in a much better Condition. But pray ſuffer your ſelf no longer to be impoſed upon by ſuch as give you an account of the ſtrength of the *Jacobites* in *Great Britain*. When you was Maſter at Sea two Summers ago, and your Fleet lay a long time plundering Sheep on the Coaſt of *England*, the *Dutch* beaten in *Flanders*, and the Prince of *Orange* in *Ireland*, oppos'd by a powerful Army, and his Competitor there; that Party which you tell me is ſo great,

had

had not the Courage to make the leaſt Motion; which made me believe ever ſince that they, like ſome barking toothleſs Curs, may make a noiſe, but cannot bite; of which the Prince of *Orange* is ſo well convinc'd, that I am inform'd that he hardly takes any notice of them, but lets them ſpin on their own Rope. The People of *Great Britain* are ſo happy under his Government, that as they choſe him, ſo they maintain his and their Right. You ſee he can leave that Kingdom when he pleaſes, to croſs the Seas, ſecur'd in his Royal Conſort's wiſe Conduct, and their Subjects Love. I am only afraid that your People, conſidering how happy thoſe three neighbouring Kingdoms have made themſelves by the late Revolution there, will take a reſolution to imitate them, and put themſelves at Liberty in this Juncture of Time.

There is a great difference between my Subjects and the Engliſh, ſaid the King.

All the difference I can ſee between them, *reply'd* Louvois, is that your Subjects are almoſt ruin'd already, and can hardly ſtir in the miſerable ſtate they are in; whereas the *Engliſh* freed themſelves before they were in that caſe; you may flatter your ſelf, if you pleaſe, but 'tis my opinion that there is hardly any one of your Subjects but wiſhes to be in the ſame ſtate as the *Engliſh*, and envies their happineſs: I will not even exclude out of that number the beſt part of your Clergy; ſo that you are in great danger of ſeeing a dangerous Cataſtrophe upon the loſs of a Battel, or the Landing of the *Engliſh*.

Ah! dear Louvois, ſaid *Lewis* ſhaking his Head, *I fear it but too much as well as you, I ſent for you chiefly*

on

on that account. What ſhall I do? I fear that the loſs of my Fleet will at laſt prove that of my Kingdom. Did I but know alſo, where they intend to come, I would ſend there the moſt truſty of my Forces, and ſtrive to keep them out. Pray give me your Opinion concerning the place where you think they will land?

That's very uncertain, *reply'd* Louvois; 'tis a long Coaſt from *Oſtend* or *Nieuport* to *Fontarabia*, *St. Sebaſtian*, or *St. John de Luz*; and there are but too many landing places from the firſt of thoſe Towns to the laſt: 'Tis twenty to one, but that when you expect them in one place, they will fall upon you in another, juſt as the Prince of *Orange* did when he landed in *England*. I do not wonder to ſee you puz'led about it, your Penſioners know doubtleſs no more where it muſt be, than they did of the other.

Suppoſe, ſaid the King, *it were at* Oſtend *or* Nieuport, *ſo to attack* Dunkirk *by Land and Sea? They might land at thoſe places without oppoſition, and 'tis but a days march thence to* Dunkirk; *the Fortifications of that Town are more for ſhew, indeed, than Service, for, being built on the Downs, they want ſolidity, and would ſoon be ſhaken by great Cannon; there are all about that Town large Meadows to forage in for the Horſe of the Army, which could ſoon joyn the Forces they have to land. The* Engliſh *alſo formerly help'd to take that Town, which would be of vaſt uſe to them; ſo that as they are heartily ſorry that it was ſold to me, there is no doubt but they would uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to be Maſters of it again, for the ſecurity of their Trade from the Privateers, and a Gate into* France *and* Flanders.

Your

Your Majeſty, *ſaid* Louvois, having a conſiderable Army on that ſide, which might partly prevent the *French* Malecontents from coming in to your Enemies, and it being of more conſequence to attack you in the heart and weakeſt part of your Kingdom, then on the Frontiers, where you are ſtrongeſt, I do not know what to think.

All the Coaſt of *Picardy*, and that of *Normandy* as far almoſt as St. *Malloes*, has hardly a Port fit to receive Ships of any conſiderable Burthen, unleſs it be *Havre de Grace*, which being a ſtrong place, and there being conſiderable Forces on the other ſide of the *Seine*, I do not believe they will attack you there. *Diep* indeed lies on that Coaſt, and is not very ſtrong; Ships of one hundred Tuns, or ſo, may enter into its Haven. You muſt guard that ſide. *Verſaille* is not above forty Leagues

from

from it. I do not ſpeak of St. *Valery* in *Picardy*, the Banks that are before it ſeem to ſecure it, ſince it cannot receive any large Veſſels.

St. Mallo ſeems to be in greater danger: The Town it ſelf is not ſtrong, and on the Sea-ſide might ſoon be batter'd down with Bombs, the Houſes lying as it were one upon another. It is worth the Enemies while to attempt that; firſt becauſe the Remainder of your tatter'd Fleet lies there, which would fall into their hands; then the Town being the richeſt in your Kingdom for its bigneſs, their Men would ſtrive the harder to maſter it for the ſake of the Booty they would find there; then it would be a good Port to ſend in Recruits to their Forces from *England*, and ſecure their Tranſport Ships: Beſides, you know that *Britany* is ready enough to Revolt, and hath done it during your Reign.

Should

Should they land near *Breſt*, and then march up by Land to make themſelves Maſters of it, whilſt their Fleet block'd up that Port, your Fleet and Magazines would be deſtroy'd at once.

Towards *Nants* and the Mouth of the River of *Loire*, there might be ſome danger; and *Rochfort* is not ſo ſecur'd, but you may have reaſon to fear.

Rochel is a Port which they might eaſily maſter, and if they poſſeſs'd themſelves of the *Iſle of Ré*, their Ships might be very ſecure. The beſt part of that Country, as alſo *Poictou*, are new Converts, who languiſh for a deliverance, and would doubtleſs readily joyn with them. You have but few Forces on that ſide, and it would be a long time before you could march up thither.

Bordeaux is a Port that could receive all their Transport Ships, if it were necessary; and as for the Tower of *Cordouan* that lies at the mouth of the *Garonne*, it is an old Fortification that could not do much harm. Those of *Blaye* indeed are strong, but those of the *Chateau Trompette* at *Bordeaux*, are more sumptuous than formidable, and the People of *Aquitain* and *Gascony*, having formerly felt the easiness of the *English* Government, may perhaps not be sorry to be under their old Masters again. Even those of *Bordeaux* alone have oppos'd themselves more than once in your Reign to your Authority, and have not forgot your severe usage of them, by quartering a whole Army in their Houses to humble them.

There are some Towns along the Coast of *Gascony*, but no Harbours to receive any Ships of Burthen.

Bayonne

Bayonne being a Town inhabited by *Roman Catholicks*, and well fortified, is not to be taken without a Siege; ſo that 'tis not to be imagin'd the Enemy would venture to land directly there. But *St. Sebaſtian*, *Fontarabia*, and *St. John de Luz* are *Spaniſh* Towns juſt near it, that would receive them with open Arms, and having landed without oppoſition, and refreſhed themſelves, they could eaſily march up into *Bearn* and *Gaſcony*, where doubtleſs they would find Friends enough, a good part of the Country being inhabited by new Converts; and then *Bayonne*, and even *Bordeaux*, would be in much danger, principally if the *Spaniards* joyn'd ſome of their Men with the others; and though it may ſeem late in the Year, I may ſay that this is the fitteſt time, ſince then the Country People having gather'd the Fruits of the Earth, your Enemies

Enemies might buy of them Provisions, and do them no damage, which with their *Manifesto's*, which surely they will not forget to spread every where, might gain them a great many Friends. I cannot tell however, but the great Sea that runs continually in that Bay, and the distance from *England* may hinder them for Invading your Kingdom on that side. But I repeat it to you once more, Never stay for so dangerous an Event, but wisely make a speedy Peace if you can, renew your Negotiations, and with good store of Emissaries send also good store of *Lewis d Or* into all the Courts of *Europe*, the last are now your best Friends; never be dishearten'd for one or two Refusals. In the most stubborn Courts, be sure let those you send be *Gascons*, they have the gift of perswading, and the fame of obtaining things by their Con-

Confidence and indefatigable Importunity : Men are not made of ſteel in our Age ; and I do not ſee how a Prince, who loves to appear great, and wants Money very much, can be proof againſt a golden Bait. You muſt try all Means and Men, I ſay : at the worſt you can but obtain nothing.

You need not tell me that, reply'd the King, *I know it of old, and do not leave ſo eaſily my ancient Maxims. I only ask of the greateſt part of them to keep a Neutrality.*

I look upon a Neutrality bought with Money, *ſaid* Louvois, as no great advantage.

I own it, ſaid the King, *but in the preſent Juncture we muſt go by degrees; for I look upon a Prince brought by me to be Neuter, as half won to my Intereſt. As for Example; thoſe two of the North, who, had not my Fleet been beaten, would have offer'd*

their

their Mediation between me and the Confederates, and in caſe of refuſal, would have declar'd for me : You ſee, that I have what I pleaſe from them for Money, Pitch, Tar, Maſts, Cables, Hemp, Iron, Ships and Men, though each Man I have from them is as good as a Subject loſt to them. But theſe Northern Princes are a good eaſie ſort of People, who do not ſtand to weigh every thing ſo nicely. I muſt confeſs that I pay dear enough for their Men ; firſt by Expenſes I am at at Hamburgh, Altena, Dantzic, *and other places to Liſt them ; and then the* Lewis d'Ors *with which I am oblig'd to make thoſe, who are too clear-ſighted, ſilent. But there is no help for't ; 'Tis ſomewhat hard to ſee my ſelf oblig'd to ſcatter ſo much Money abroad, whilſt I want it ſo much to maintain my Armies at home, and am oblig'd to ſuck my Subjects Blood to the very laſt drop. But deſperate*

Diſeaſes

Diſeaſes muſt have deſperate Cures; and it is better to reign over a beggar'd Nation, than to loſe a Crown. For this Reaſon I leave no Stone unturn'd, nor Art untry'd to raiſe Money; and Pont Chartrain *is ſo uſeful to me in the new Impoſitions which the extremity of my Affairs obliges me to raiſe on my Subjects every day, that I do believe were old Father* Mazarin, *and even* Colbert *alive, they could hardly match his Devices, principally now that ſo many Taxes have been laid on all things, that it is no eaſie matter to find out any that may bear a Toll, or bring in Money; for none will now lend a* Solz *on the* Hoſtel de Ville; *and the new Places and Titles which I have expoſed to Sale, will not go off, not even thoſe of Counſellor in the Parliament of* Paris. *However, I will try ſome new project to bring Money into my almoſt empty Coffers; for I have not forgot the*

the Verſes which that incomparable Politician Cardinal Richlieu *made :*

——Quels-que ſoient nos effors
Que l'Argent eſt la Clef de tous les grands reſſors ;
Et que ce doux Metail qui frappe tant de têtes
En Amour comme en Guerre avance les Conquêtes.

In our deſigns, whatever be the thing,
Gold's powerful Key unbends the ſtrongeſt Spring ;
That lovely Metal every heart can move,
And leads to Conqueſts both in War and Love.

I ſtill aſſiſt Count Teckely, *leſt he ſhould leave my Ally ; he has coſt me already a mint of Money, yet neither he nor I are a jot the better for't ; and the loſs of* Great Waradin *ſhews their*

their weakneſs too much, ſince they could never relieve it in ſo long a time. The Battel of Salankemen *hath indeed much impair'd our Affairs on that ſide; and I particularly made a great loſs when the Vizier* Cuperli, *my very good Friend, was kill'd there. Pray how does he do, have you not ſeen him below?*

Such Crouds of all ſorts of People coming daily there, *reply'd* Louvois, and the *Turks* Quarters being far from that where I am, it is ſomewhat difficult to have an Account of what Tranſactions happen ſo far off. But this War occaſioning ſo great a concourſe of Men of different Notions, that our Prince can hardly tell where to ſtow them, he has for Conveniencies ſake, order'd that for the future the *Turks* and *French* ſhould be lodg'd in the ſame Quarters, ſo that hereafter we ſhall be immediately acquainted with what paſſes in *Hungary*. *How,*

How, cry'd the King, *do they offer to place the* French *with the* Turks ? *You and all the Nation ought in honour to have oppos'd your ſelves to this.*

Alas Sir! *reply'd* Louvois, our Proteſtations to the contrary would have ſignified as little as thoſe of your *Hugonot* Subjects did to you. This has been done on the ſcore of the Alliance between you and the *Ottoman* Court; and to keep Peace below, it has been judg'd, that as the *French* are in a perfect Union with the *Turks* upon Earth, they would agree together below better then with any other Nation actually at War with either of the Two: Nay, they even intend to peſter us with that Raſcally Crew the *Algerines*, who have hitherto had their Quarters apart from the reſt.

But what would the World ſay, ſaid the King, *if this were known?*

No more nor no leſs then they ſay now, *return'd* Louvois: Doth not every one know that you are in League with the *Turks*, and have aſſiſted them with Guns, Officers, Gunners, Ingeniers, and all ſorts of Machines and Warlike Inſtruments, and ſupply Count *Teckely* continually with Money? You would make a Myſtery of this Alliance, yet it diſcovers it ſelf every day. If you think it inglorious, you ſhould not have made it.

Well then, let them know it if they will, reply'd the King. Francis *the Firſt my Predeceſſor did as much with* Soliman *againſt* Charles *the Fifth the Emperor, why may not I then do the ſame now againſt* Leopold? *All that is to procure a Peace to* Europe; *for the Sultan and the late Vizier promis'd to my Ambaſſadour never to make*

make a Truce with the Christians, without including me in it as his Ally.

But how shall a Man trust these *Turks*, said *Louvois.*

As safely as you may trust me, reply'd the King. *Nay, I am told that most* Turks *keep their words more religiously than many Christians. Grounding that Principle on the* Alcoran *in the Chapter of* Mary, *where it is said that* Ismael *was a Prophet, and punctually perform'd his Promises, and that being his Off-spring, they ought to keep their word if they would be reckon'd his Children. This I my self read in that godly Book, which I have carefully perused; and by the way, let me tell you, that I have receiv'd no small comfort and satisfaction of mind by the edifying Morals it teaches; as in the Chapter of* Horses, *which hath many great Imprecations against the ungrateful;*

and that of Man, *which promiſes great rewards to thoſe that live well, and obſerve the Law, which anſwers to our Rule for meritorious Works. I alſo like extreamly the Deſpotick Government of their* Sultans; *for a Soveraign that is oblig'd to give an account of his Actions is in a woful Condition: Kings being Gods upon Earth, ought to rule with a boundleſs ſway, and ſcorn the Cobweb Fence of the Laws, which are only to keep the giddy ſlaviſh Crowd within their duty.*

I heard, *ſaid* Louvois, that theſe *Turks* have receiv'd the Ambaſſador lately ſent out of *England* with great demonſtrations of Reſpect and Joy, and that 'tis likely they will make a Peace by his Mediation, if the Emperour, or his Council, are willing to grant them any reaſonable terms.

I do not fear it much, ſaid the King, *for now the* Moſcovites *have made*

Peace with them, which is a Thorn out of their foot; and the Cham *of* Tartary, *who sent an Envoy to the* Poles, *on pretence of offering his Mediation, though 'twas to learn what posture they were in, assists them. Besides, at the Imperial Court, my good Friends the Jesuits will take care that all the Proposals for a Peace or Truce with the* Turks, *may not have any effect; so that I am pretty well satisfied, that at least it will not be concluded this Summer. Yet I must confess that it grieves me much to see all the World thus applaud the Prince of* Orange, *and that one whose ruin I design'd, should now put himself in a Condition to Master me.*

Without doubt, *said* Louvois, he will do it, if it ever lies in his power; considering how ill you dealt with him after the Peace of *Nimeghen*, where you promis'd to do him all manner of Justice. Seeing how little

tle regard you have to your word; your Enemies have now found a way to be no longer put upon.

Nay then, ſaid the King, *they muſt be grown very cunning; for how can they avoid it?*

Eaſily enough, *return'd* Louvois; For they have unanimouſly agreed never to truſt you for the future, whatever Promiſe you make to them; for to deal plainly with you, your Promiſes are as much cry'd down among your Neighbours, as your Brother *James*'s late Copper Crowns in *Ireland*, principally ſince the Peace of *Nimeghen*; which will be a mighty Obſtacle to the forwarding a Peace, and will for the future oblige your Enemies to take ſuch firm and ſolid Aſſurances of the Engagements they may have with you, that it will not be in your power to ſhake or remove them. A King's word hath hitherto been look'd up-

on as ſacred, but either yours, or that of the Abdicated Prince, are now no more believ'd by them than the *Alcoran*. All thoſe of your Enemies Party that come below unanimouſly tell us, that you will ſpeedily be oblig'd to vomit up whatever you have uſurp'd ſince the *Pyrenean* Treaty.

Softly, ſaid the King, *I will never yield to ſuch terms; I don't know but I might be perſwaded to give back ſome of the Places of which I have poſſeſſed my ſelf ſince the Peace of* Nimeghen, *provided my Brother* James *were re-inthron'd; for it goes horribly againſt my heart to own the Prince of* Orange *for lawful King of* Great Britain, *the very thoughts of it put me all over into a cold ſweat.*

I ſee, *ſaid* Louvois, that this ſticks in your Throat, and will very unwillingly go down with you, but yet you muſt ſwallow this Pill, as

as bitter as it is, for I am ſure there is no help for't.

Ah! dear Louvois, cry'd the King, *this ſtabs me to the heart. What ſhall I ſay to that unfortunate Couple, whoſe ruin I have partly caus'd? I am not my ſelf when I think on't.*

I believe as much, *reply'd* Louvois. But why might not you paſs the ſame Complement on them which you ſent to that Prince and his Brother *Charles*, when you enter'd into a Confederacy with *Oliver Cromwel*; ſo now you may let them retire to *Rome* with your Bleſſing? Yet conſidering the Prince and Princeſs of *Orange*'s Generoſity, I do not believe you will be put to that trouble. It is very indifferent to them, whether they reſide at *Rome* or at St. *Germans*, provided they do not concern themſelves with Publick Affairs, and your Majeſty, according to *Solomon*'s Sentence,

cauſe the Child in queſtion to be deliver'd to the right Owner. In that caſe I believe they ſhall not want an honourable Allowance if they demand it.

But what will the World ſay of me then? ſaid the King.

What did not they ſay, *reply'd* Louvois, when you ſurpriz'd *Straſburgh*, broke the Peace, and violated the Truce by the Siege of *Philipsburgh?* Every one talks of thoſe things, and your Majeſty lets them talk on.

I had my reaſons for't then, ſaid the King, *and you your ſelf advis'd me to't.*

Becauſe I ſaw that your Inclination lead you to it, *ſaid* Louvois, and that the War was beneficial to me; for I was as it were uſeleſs in time of Peace, and Madam *de Maintenon's* power was then greater than mine, I ſaw my ſelf reduc'd one time

to

to Dragoon the poor *Hugonots*; and had the Peace laſted but two years longer, I ſhould even have dwindled into a Secretary of Madam *de Maintenon*, and her Jeſuitical Counſel.

Well then, ſince I am engag'd in a War, ſaid the King, *I muſt go through; for ſhould I be oblig'd to reſtore the Principality of* Orange, *what a ſtain would it not be to my Glory. You know that when I ſeiz'd it, I truſted the management of the whole buſineſs to you, and there was not ſo much as an Inventory made of the Goods which were carried away.*

It is true, *ſaid* Louvois, that I did not think fit to ſign any, though it was promis'd to the Commander of the Caſtle; but Commiſſary *L'Enfant*, who by my Orders receiv'd the Ammunition, Cannon, and Arms which were found in the Cittadel, hath taken an Account of

the whole, by which you may ſettle the Buſineſs whenever you are oblig'd to make Reſtitution.

But then, ſaid the King, *what will become of the Donation which the Corporations made to me of the Principality, as we have ſpecified it, voluntarily, and without the leaſt compulſion?*

I would not have you, *ſaid* Louvois, ſo much as mention of it, leſt all the World laugh at you: Sufferings and Miſery are cruel Maſters, and often compel Men to ſay and do thoſe things which they would never do if they were at liberty; and doubtleſs the *Engliſh* Plenipotentiaries will take care to make you renounce thoſe Pretentions.

I wiſh this may not come into the Prince of Orange's *head*, ſaid the King.

Never

Never trouble your ſelf about it, *reply'd* Louvois, he'll take ſpecial care of it; nor is he ſo forgetful as you could wiſh.

Whatever may happen, ſaid the King, *I will never act againſt my honour; and my Intereſt ſhall always be the juſt Rule of all my Actions.*

You had taken the very ſame Reſolution, *ſaid* Louvois, whilſt Cardinal *Furſtembergh* was Co-adjutor of *Cologn*; yet he was baulk'd of the Electorſhip, though he had the Majority of Votes; and the Prince of *Orange* was to cunning for you in that Affair.

I was indeed ſerv'd a ſcurvy trick in that buſineſs, ſaid the King, *and Pope* Innocent *the* XI. *us'd me ill in it, but the Cardinal himſelf drew all the miſchief on his own head, having yielded up the Dignity of Co-adjutor againſt my Advice.*

The ſame happens, *ſaid* Louvois, when great Affairs miſcarry as when a Man dies; there is always ſome excuſe given for his dying, yet for all that, the Man is nevertheleſs dead. As much may be ſaid of the Cardinals Excluſion. This is but a ſmall diſappointment conſidering what may follow, when every one calls for his own again, to come to a Peace.

Then you imagine, ſaid the King, *that I ſhall be like* Eſop's *Jackdaw, which was oblig'd to reſtore to every Bird its Feather, and that I ſhall have nothing to ask on my ſide.*

What can you claim, ſeeing you have loſt nothing, *ſaid* Louvois.

A great deal, reply'd he; *firſt all* Germany, *as* Charles *the Great's Succeſſor; then the* Seventeen Provinces, *by virtue of the Queen's Right, and* Spain *it ſelf for the* Dauphin (*after his Catholick Majeſty's*

ſty's deceaſe) as being the next Heir, not forgetting Madam of Orleans's *Rights on the* Palatinate, *thoſe of the* Dauphineſs *on* Bavaria, *and thoſe of Cardinal* Furſtemberg *on* Cologn; *beſides the Charges of the War, and the Sums laid out to buy ſeveral Towns, which alone will amount to a vaſt Sum.*

All theſe pretences, *ſaid* Louvois, are not worth my while to talk on, conſider that my time is ſhort, and that I muſt ſoon leave you. I would adviſe you to make a Peace before the *Turks* make theirs; elſe you will have thoſe bloody *Huſſars*, *Croats*, *Tranſilvanians* and *Raſcians* come upon you, you will have no Mercy on you, nor your Men, beſides thoſe that are already upon you in *Dauphiné*, who perhaps may ſoon puſh on to *Lyons*, if not to *Paris*. Offer a Peace, and that ſpeedily too; this is your time, Now or Never;

ſet

ſet the Northern Kings to work on one ſide, and the Pope on the other.

I have, as I told you, done it already, return'd the King, *and what will perhaps ſurprize you, I have even ſet the very* Switzers *about it: I have done them the honour to offer to them to be Mediators between me and the Duke of* Savoy, *endeavouring by that means to draw them to my ſide, but all in vain; and as for the firſt, they are bandied about from one to another by the Confederates, and can do no good on't; they put them off, and would fain make them believe that things are not yet ripe for it, though I find to my ſorrow that they are too ripe already.*

The laſt Expedient I have to propoſe, *ſaid* Louvois, is that you offer ſo much to them that they may be ſatisfied, and afterward cauſe your *Paris Gazettier* to ſay in his *Gazette*, that your Enemies demand-

ed

ed a Peace with this Clauſe, *That as you have always been inclin'd to maintain Peace and Tranquility throughout Chriſtendom, you could not refuſe their Requeſt, and have granted them a Peace at the earneſt prayers of his Holineſs and your Allies*, and then let them believe what they will of it.

But, ſaid the King, *what muſt we ſay about the places which I muſt yield to have that Peace?*

The Author of the *Gazette*, ſaid *Louvois*, muſt only take care not to make any mention of that, and then you muſt be ſatisfied, not being able to do better.

I have already taken that method with the Pope, ſaid the King. *You muſt know that being a* Neapolitan *and* Creature *of* Odeſcalchi, *I had order'd my Faction to Exclude him, but the Expreſs which carried that Diſpatch, arriv'd two days too late.*

late. His Predeceſſor dy'd like a true Venitian, *who generally hide their Sentiments, and only reveal them when they can live no longer. By the means of the large Preſents which I had caus'd to be given to his Nephews, I was in hopes to have engaged the Uncle in my Party; yet at his death the old angry Pontiff could not forbear hurling his Thunderbolt at me, which yet was like letting off a Gun into the Air, juſt ſo much Powder loſt. Now ſeeing that his Succeſſor was a good down-right ſort of an old Fellow, ſomewhat tender Conſcienc'd, and no Conjurer in Matters of State, I have pacified him with a verbal Renunciation of the Propoſitions made by ſome of the Biſhops of the Aſſembly of my Clergy, and ſuch Eccleſiaſtical Condeſcenſions; and have wheedled him ſo far, as to preconize by little and little the better part of the Biſhops who wanted their Bulls.*

For

For I would not have Rome *and* Geneva *to encounter with all at once. Thus I govern my self according to the Times, and find that what was fit to be believed formerly, is not so proper now, and that the Religion of a King ought to be reconcil'd to his Interest, it being just that we great Men should have some priviledge above the vulgar. And indeed, I intend that Religion should serve my turn, and I not be oblig'd to serve the turn of Religion.*

Why then, *said* Louvois, do you torment your self meerly to torment the *Hugonots*, and propagate your Religion?

Kings, said *Lewis*, *with such pretences cloak their other designs. I believ'd that it was my Interest to pull down that Party, the better to succeed in my grand Project, besides the Glory I gain'd in doing what my Predecessors could not do: Though without*

without those Considerations, my Confessor told me I was oblig'd to do it, to expiate the Rape of Montpan's *Wife, of whom at last I am deliver'd; for, what with grief for being outtop'd in my Favour, and a fit of Devotion that took her upon't, she, poor Soul, after having serv'd me many years, is gone to serve Heaven in a Retirement.*

That People is unhappy, *said* Louvois, whose Prince is govern'd by bigotted Gown-men. For my part I have always made my Religion condescend to my Interest, remembring that the Emperour *Galba* said that the People rather speak to a Princes Fortune than to his Person. And that saying of *Henry* IV. That a Crown was worth going to Mass, a Maxim which King *James* should have obser v'd. But pray how came you to entertain any thought of a likelyhood of Success in the Attempt you

you would have made to re-eſtabliſh him, had not your Fleet been beaten? 'Tis ſtrange you ſhould imagine, that he that could not keep his Throne when he was on it, and had a conſiderable Army and Navy of his own, ſhould ſettle himſelf there again upon the Chymerical Promiſe of a few bigotted Roman Catholicks.

You are miſtaken, ſaid the King, *there are not a few Quakers and other Sectaries for him, beſides a good number of Proteſtants.*

Sure then they muſt be Mad-men, *cry'd* Louvois, or had a mind to draw him into a Snare to ſecure him for the reſt of his Life, or ſend him into ſome Iſland, as the late King of *Portugal* was. Do not deceive your ſelf, Sir, there cannot be the leaſt likelyhood that Proteſtants ſhould withdraw themſelves from the Government of a King and Queen

Queen of their Religion, to ſubmit again to one of a contrary Belief, who meanly abandon'd them.

What harm had he done, cry'd the King, *to loſe his Kingdom thus ; he had only a mind to reform ſome few Laws, and poliſh their Religion.*

To reform a State, *ſaid* Louvois, is a very nice buſineſs. According to *Ariſtotle*, the Reformation of one is not a leſs difficult Task then its Foundation; at leaſt he ſhould have ſtood firm. For having abdicated his Crown, his People did wiſely to choſe another.

The Engliſh, ſaid the King, *complain that he was too violent , and task his Predeceſſor of too much mildneſs. So I muſt needs compare that capricious Nation to* Eſop's *Frogs , who having pray'd* Jupiter *to give them a King, and accordingly receiv'd a good one, who ſuffer'd them to do what they would with him, were quick-*

ly

ly weary of him; and having petition'd Jupiter *for another, had one so imperious and severe sent in his place, that they soon repented them of their wish. A Nation seldom knows what to ask, or what they want.*

There is, *reply'd* Louvois, a just *Medium* between Easiness and Severity (as between too much and too little) which a Prince ought always to observe, if he desires to maintain his Power. *Charles* indeed was naturally good, but his Pleasures made him, even whilst he liv'd, leave the Helm of the Government to his Brother, the then Duke of *York*'s management. So that after the precipitated death of the first, though the *English* had another King, yet they rather had a King with another face, than with another Nature, since the latter already rul'd before he was King; which made one say, That Foxes hair may change, but their Malice not. *Well,*

Well, I ſhould do for him what I can, cry'd *Lewis, we ought to do to others what we would have done to our ſelves in a like occaſion.*

That is indeed a good Chriſtian Moral, *cry'd* Louvois, 'tis as the Proverb ſaith, To make proviſion of Arms in time of Peace; for I have obſerv'd that this Age hath prov'd fatal to many Princes, as we have ſeen in *Portugal* to King *Alphonſo*, in *Turky* to *Sultan Mahomet*, in *England* to the Kings, *Charles* and *James*, not forgetting the Cataſtrophe which happen'd in *Siam*, occaſion'd firſt by a deſign there was to deprive the lawful Heir, which is a fine Leſſon to thoſe that are yet ſtanding; above all, I adviſe you to avoid ſuch a misfortune as *Francis* the firſt's at the Siege of *Pavia*.

Sure I know better things, ſaid the King, *than to expoſe my ſelf in the Field. I never move from my Palace but*

but to reap Lawrels, and receive the Fruits of my Bargain, as at Mons, *where there was no other need of my coming, then only to see if the Purchace was worth the price. However, this Year I so dispos'd my busineß, that before the Confederates were got together, which by reason of their being many, could not be so soon as I; I set down before* Namur, *and thanks to my usual Arts, soon was welcom'd into the Town but the plaguy Fort had like to have baffled me, and had not a kind Officer in it very industriously caus'd a Parley to be beat on one side, whilst brave* Coehorn *and* Wynberghen *were hard at it on the other, I protest I had been in a desperate Condition; but that being master'd, I easily brought the Castle to terms with my Army, which consisted of about a hundred and twenty thousand men, a good part whereof, and particularly the Horse, which*

was

was much ſuperiour in number to that of the Enemy, who were come near to relieve the Caſtle, had advantagiouſly poſted themſelves to cover me with Luxemburgh *at the head of them. And as ſoon as the Caſtle was mine, I, with* Maintenon *and the reſt of the Females whom I had brought to be Spectators of my great Exploit, wiſely left the dangerous Neighbourhood of the Prince of* Orange's *Army, well imagining that he would fall on my Men as ſoon as ever he had the leaſt opportunity; ſo I order'd* Luxemburgh *not to fight, and left him to manage the reſt as well as he could. And 'twas well I march'd off, for I had rather have another* Fiſtula *than be oblig'd to have been with him when the Enemy attack'd his men t'other day. The News of that bloody Encounter did not only balk my Supper, but puts me into a trembling fit when I think on't; I have been forc'd*

forc'd to retire to Marly *to try to ſettle my Mind, for thoſe Crouds of Mourners that throng'd my Court at* Verſaille, *are ſuch ſad Marks of my loſs, that each of them ſeems to me the Ghoſt of ſome Lord or Officer that haunts me; and had not* Luxemburgh *had notice ſent to him privately the night before of the Enemies deſign, which made him be ready for them, I do not know what he would have done, though, as I underſtand, the Poſt that was attack'd was ſo ſtrongly ſecur'd, even before we had Advice of their coming to force it, that none but men that dare fight at a great diſadvantage would have preſum'd to attempt it.*

I do not wonder then, *ſaid* Louvois, why the Prince of *Orange* did not fight you before, and you muſt have had mighty Advantages all along, ſince he could reckon this, as difficult as it was, a favourable occaſion.

caſion. An Officer below, ſomewhat Poetically inclin'd, admiring t'other day *Luxemburgh*'s Policy in poſting himſelf ſo well, made the following Verſes in his praiſe.

On avoit crù juſqu'à ce jour
Le Maréchal de Luxembourg
Grand Sorcier, méchant Capitaine;
Mais le Diable en ayant pris ſoin,
En a fait un ſecond Turrenne,
Dont la France *avoit grand beſoin.*

Je ne m'étonne nullement
Qu' Atlas *porte le Firmament,*
Comme dit la Métamorphoſe;
Puiſque nous voyons en ce jour
Que tout la France *repoſe*
Sur la boſſe de Luxembourg.

Till by *Lucifer* taught,
We *Luxemburgh* thought,
Though famous for Witchcraft, a paltry Commander;

But

But ſince tutor'd he's been,
He's another *Turenne*,
Whom the *French* ſo much wanted
in *Flanders*.

That on's back *Atlas* bears
The heavenly Spheres
May be true, tho' by Poets 'tis told us;
Since all Men allow
That Hump *Luxemburgh* now
Bears the load of all *France* on his
ſhoulders.

Thus ſometimes below we diſcourſe of the Affairs of the World; As for example, of the ſlowneſs of the *Germans* to enter into Action; of the fooliſh Punctilio's, which hinder them from uniting their Forces, to the no little Advantage of your Majeſty; of the eaſe you find to foment Diſſentions among them by thoſe Penſioners you have there in no ſmall number; ſometimes we

ſpeak of the blind ſtupidity of ſome of the *Switzers*, who could ſuffer themſelves to be as it were muzled by your Fort at *Hunningben*, and ſurrounded by your Conqueſts in *Alſatia* and *Savoy*, and who were formerly ſo unwiſe, as not to take the County of *Burgundy* into their Poſſeſſion, to reſtore it to the *Spaniards* after a Peace, and who by lending you Men to fight againſt the Defenders of the Liberty of *Europe*, do as it were ſpin their own Rope, and weaken their Country; which made one apply this to them:

Quam male pro pauco libertas venditur auro.

Baſe Traitors to your ſelves! why have you ſold
Your native Liberty for fatal Gold?

Some

Some ſpeak of the decay of *Spain*, and ſay that, as it ſeems to be a Lethargick Body, the loſs it has ſuſtained in the taking of *Namur*, can do it more good then harm, by awaking the other Members of it, and not letting them altogether rely on the Arms of their Neighbours for their Security.

Others reflect on the *Polanders* going into the Field, as it were, to take the Air at the latter end of the Summer, and then return home; when they might eaſily march up to *Conſtantinople*, being joyned to the *Germans* and *Hungarians*.

The Pope's ſimplicity in ſuffering himſelf to be wheadled by the *French* is not forgot, nor the immoderate Love which ſome *Italian* Princes have for their eaſe, which makes them ſee their Neighbour invaded by an incroaching Foe, without aſſiſting him; which is as it were,

to ſit unconcern'd in our own Houſe, whilſt the next is on fire, meerly becauſe we hope, and are pretty well aſſur'd, the fire will be quench'd without us.

Some laugh at the fooliſh hopes of ſuch would-be-Polititians of your Party, as thought that the *States-General* would clap up a ſeparate Peace with you upon the taking of *Namur*, as if they knew not better their Intereſt, and this were poſſible to be effected as long as the Prince of *Orange*, their beſt and moſt powerful Friend, hath the Hearts of them all.

The Pains he takes daily for *Great Britain*, for them, and for all the Confederates in general, his Conduct and his Bravery, are the things we talk of moſt, with univerſal Amazement. Nor are the Electors of *Bavaria* and *Brandenburgh* forgotten.

Well,

Well, said the King interrupting him, *if I can but end this glorious War by a more glorious Peace, I shall with reason believe my self the greatest Monarch that ever sway'd a Scepter: and to do this, 'tis but finding some brave, some bold Mortal, who like another* Scevola, *dare Sacrifice his Life to save his Country.*

You may look long enough, *reply'd* Louvois, before you find such a one. Loving Subjects are very scarce in *France*, since you have introduc'd there your Despotick Government. Some of your Villains were fitter for the Work you mean, than any brave Man; such a base, horrid Action being enough to make any, who truly deserves the Name of Brave, have a hatred for any one that could mention it. We have your undertaker the *Chevalier de Granval* come among us lately, he was immediately condemn'd to un-

dergo double the Puniſhment of *Ravilliac*; for though the latter effected his execrable Parricide, yet the firſt was found more Criminal, ſince he undertook his Deed meerly for a reward of Money, whilſt the other did it as a meritorious act, at the inſtigation of your now dear Jeſuits, who, as I underſtand, had no ſmall ſhare in this, as well as you know who. For ſhame leave that bloody Deſign, nor think to effect it, ſince the Protection of Heaven ſecures the Head at which you vainly aim: Think what ſtain this will be to your other Actions, nor aggravate your already too odious Crimes, by one of ſo high and abominable a kind. You was ſaying juſt now, that we ought to do to others, what we would have done to our ſelves; would you be ſerv'd ſo your ſelf? why then do you give an occaſion to others to endeavour

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to prevent you. You will tell me that you are ſecure on the ſide of the Heads of the Confederate Party, who are not of a nature to encourage ſuch an act: but take care that ſome one of the many Millions of Wretches whom your intolerable Extorſions have made deſperate, may not be the unjuſt Inſtrument of Heaven's too juſt vengeance; nay, amongſt the Clergy there are but too many hate you for your Encroachments on their Rights, and ſeizing of their Plate; whenever your Neceſſities oblige you to preſs harder on them, 'tis very likely that, though you have endeavour'd to blind them for a while, with your feigned Love to the *Roman* Faith, by extirpating their Mortal Foes the *Hugonots*, yet now diſcovering, through your pretended Devotion, a real deſign to humble them, they may ſerve you as they have your

Predeceſſors *Henry* III. and *Hen.* IV. the firſt a greater Biggot ſtill then your ſelf; which made one of the Monkiſh Tribe ſay, as I have been inform'd of it below, That *you ought not to forget that their ſleeves are very convenient to hide a pointed Knife.* It has been your good Fortune to make War chiefly in your Enemies Country, where by the cruel Devaſtations your Men made, killing, burning, and deſtroying all they could, and by the moſt heavy Contributions which they exacted in other places, you had not only the advantage of hindring your Enemies from receiving any Aſſiſtance from thoſe of their Subjects, but at the ſame time, the Depredations of your Soldiers ſerv'd them inſtead of Pay, and the Sums you rais'd enabled you to carry on the War, partly at your Enemies expence: But now that it is likely to be remov'd

mov'd into the very heart of your Country, the Medal will be revers'd, and it will be impoſſible for you to hold out. Take care leſt Fortune, who, as ſome of your Flatterers would make you believe, is ty'd to your Triumphal Chariot, overturn it at laſt, having only rais'd you very high, that your Fall may be the greater. A Prince ought to be afraid of all things, when he attempts to put himſelf above the Laws, as we have ſeen in *England*.

Not at all, reply'd the King, *according to* Machiavel, *who underſtood the Art of Ruling ſomewhat better than* Homer; *I have always follow'd the Maxims of the firſt, and rais'd my ſelf by them, having thus by degrees brought my Kingdom to bear my Arbitrary Government; and indeed, I have found that the Lives and Eſtates of Subjects belong to the*

Prince, they being born only to make their Soveraign great.

This indeed may do, *said* Louvois, if the People are willing to ſubmit to it. Some years ago the Abdicated King and Queen reaſon'd thus, and principally that Queen; but now I believe they are both ſufficiently mortify'd.

Your compariſon is lame on both ſides, reply'd the King: *Would you compare my Authority to that which that Prince had, and the Submiſſion of my Subjects to the Stubborneſs of the* Engliſh, *who are all of them like ſo many Lords in their Country? Cardinal* Mazarin *at his death adviſ'd me to keep my Subjects poor, if I would have them obedient. Since the Eſtates of my Kingdom have been down, the Commons loſt their Authority: but when their Deputies were aſſembled, that Body was like another Soveraign in my Kingdom. Had my*

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Brother James *but been able to have pull'd down his Parliament thus, he had been an Abſolute Monarch: but he did not go the right way to work, and ſhould have follow'd my Counſel, and receiv'd a* French *Army, to diſpatch the moſt buſie of his Oppoſers out of the way.*

The *Engliſh*, ſaid *Louvois*, are not to be govern'd like ſome other Nations, and not to be bridled and ſaddled as eaſily as your *French* Aſſes. 'Tis true they ſay, *Rex* Angliæ *non poteſt errare*, that the King's of *England* cannot Err; but that ought to be underſtood, when they govern according to Law.

Now you talk of the Engliſh, cry'd the King, *what think you of ſending my Brother* James *to meet them when they land, perhaps the ſight of that Prince may work on them in my favour; and at the worſt, if he were taken, the loſs would not be very great,*

great, ſince I have the Prince of Wales *in my power.*

Alas! *ſaid* Louvois, how can you expect he ſhould defend your Kingdom, you know he could not keep his own. Your beſt way is to let him ſtay at St. *Germains*, whilſt you on your ſide carry on your Intreagues, and by your Intelligencers ſift thoſe of your Enemies, and foment Diſſention among them; never ſallying out of *Verſaille*, but when you are ſure that your Deſigns cannot miſcarry.

I have always follow'd that Rule, reply'd the King, *though after all 'tis not always very ſafe to truſt Traitors.*

The conſiderable Sums, *cry'd* Louvois, with which you reward their Treacheries, make them generally faithfully perform their Promiſes to you; witneſs at *Mons*, where I ſent a Calf all ſtuff'd with

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Lewis d'Ors, by a truſty Meſſenger, which the Perſon to whom I ſent it no ſooner ſaw, but he humbled himſelf at the ſight of the Golden Calf, and you ſoon ſaw the effect it had. There are a thouſand ways to convey Money, the moſt difficult point is to find ſuch Perſons to trade with as may deſerve it.

I ſee that you have already begun to leſſen your Severity againſt the New Converts, and am only ſorry that you begin ſo late. When the Prince of *Orange* landed in *England*, King *James* gave back to the Citizens of *London* their Charter and Priviledges, promis'd to his Subjects to call a Free Parliament, and not to demand any more the taking off the Penal Laws and Teſt. But all this did him no good, becauſe the People look'd upon all theſe Conceſſions as being forc'd from him through fear. However, it may

not

not be amiſs to re-eſtabliſh the Edict which you have taken from your Proteſtant Subjects, and ſuppreſs the many new Impoſitions under which the People groans; and to promiſe to reſtore to the Parliaments their ancient Authority; re-eſtabliſhing the States of the Kingdom.

I will never conſent to this, ſaid the King; *For as to the firſt point, I have ſolemnly ſworn to the Queen never to do it. Then for the others, I have taken too much pains to pull down the Authority of the Parliaments, whoſe power made me uneaſie, and pretended to be equal to my Authority; neither ſhall it be ſaid that I have meanly call'd back my Decrees, and cring'd to my Subjects. I have great Armies under good Generals, Slaves to my Will, and punctual to my Orders, which will keep all my Kingdom in their Duty.*

I have but one good Counſel more to give you, *ſaid* Louvois, before I leave you ; which is, That if you find that the Confederates, inſtead of growing weaker or leſs unanimous, become more numerous and potent, that your Friend the *Turk* is oblig'd to make a Truce with the Emperour, and your Subjects begin to Mutiny, then you ought to dread ſome diſmal Cataſtrophe, and therefore muſt without any more Ceremony imitate the Emperour *Charles* V. who after he had been oblig'd to raiſe the Siege at *Metz*, finding that Fortune began to leave him, immediately left the Empire to his Brother, and the Crown of *Spain* to his Son, and retir'd from all Publick Affairs, to lead a private Life during his remaining days ; ſo that it may be ſaid that he left Fortune, before ſhe had left him. He knew very well that the old Goddeſs

deſs loves to favour Youth, and that the People are Lovers of Novelties.

Thus, ſaid the King, *you adviſe me to leave the Crown to the* Dauphin; *but that's a thing not to be done by a great Prince in my preſent ſtation.* Charles V. *had no ſooner made that fooliſh ſtep than he repented it, but it was too late: No, I am like thoſe old Soldiers that love to die with their Swords in their hand; I have learn'd not to ſtrip till I go to Bed.*

A fatal Reverſe, *ſaid* Louvois, can never be pleaſing to an Ambitious Prince, and he that is us'd to conquer, cannot without much reluctancy be perſwaded to give back what he has taken, unleſs he be as inſenſible as the King of St. *Germain*, who was rejoycing at the very time he had the moſt cauſe to be afflicted, and was paſſing over the *Shannon*

non, in a Map of *Ireland*, with his Army, when the *Engliſh* had paſs'd it in reality at *Athlone*.

I am of Opinion, ſaid the King, *that to prevent all bad Propheſies, the beſt means will be to raiſe money, and let my Miniſters get ſome by any method whatſoever. A King had better reign on a ruin'd Kingdom, then loſe it for want of Supplies; and Subjects are happy enough when they come off for Money, ſince they are born for their Prince, ſaith* Machiavel.

Take heed, *ſaid* Louvois, a People driven to Deſpair, is an unruly Monſter, not to be curb'd, and hearkens no longer to the Soveraign's Voice.

If they rebel, ſaid the King, *my Armies will not, and ſome Detachments from thence ſhall Cut off without any mercy all thoſe that ſhall be found to mutiny. The puniſhment of thoſe of* Bourdeaux *will deter all o-*

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thers from the like Offence. They ought indeed to think on it more then once before they go about it; for, to tell you my mind freely, I am reſolv'd to puſh on my Fortune to the very laſt, and to face my deſtiny with Sword in hand; and when I ſhall be no longer able to attack, I will act the defenſive part, being fully and ſtedfaſtly reſolved not to yield up any thing by force, but rather like John *the ſecond King of* Portugal, *to die like a King.*

If this be your Reſolution, ſaid Louvois, you have no further need of Counſel, and the Dice is thrown, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharſin.*

Theſe words were follow'd by ſeveral Flaſhes of Lightning and dreadful Claps of Thunder. Immediately after that an horrible Earthquake ſhook the Shed, and all the neighbouring Wood, moſt of whoſe Trees were pluck'd up by the Roots, and

and the Phantaſm vaniſh'd without giving the meaning of the words. The King was ſo affrighted, that he could not come to himſelf for at leaſt half an hour. At laſt he went to his *Valet de Chambre*, who waited at the Door, and having order'd him to give an handful of Gold to the old Witch, he renew'd to her his promiſe not to moleſt her, and took Horſe to return to his Palace. But the *Valet de Chambre*, who ſaw that he was very ſad and thoughtful, imagin'd that *Louvois* had not taught him how to raiſe Money, and that his Majeſties Grief proceeded from this; ſo he made bold to pray the King not to be concern'd, ſaying that he knew how to bring vaſt Sums into his Coffers in a very ſhort time. The King ſmil'd at theſe words, and gave him leave to ſpeak, though it were but to remove his Melancholy.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty, ſaid the *Valet de Chambre*, I have heard that in *Perſia* liv'd a great King, who caus'd his Statue to be made in Gold, and had it ſet up in his Capital City, and then commanded, that whenever the Horn, the Trumpets, and the Hautbois play'd, all the People (without any Exception) ſhould fall down before it, upon pain of being thrown into a fiery Furnace.

I humbly preſume to adviſe your Majeſty, whoſe Statue is already erected in the *Place des Victoires* (and whoſe Inſcription, *Viro Immortali*, of it ſelf imprints a Veneration on our Minds) to publiſh an Edict like that of that *Perſian* King, whereby all the People in your Dominions, of whatſoever Nation, Sex, or Condition they be, ſhall be oblig'd, as ſoon as they hear the Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and Hautboys, once a day at the hour of

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Salutation, to proſtrate themſelves before your Majeſty's Statue, and in all other Towns and Provinces, before the Image of that ſame Statue, which ſhall be ſent there to be plac'd in all the Towns and Villages, and whoever doth not fall down before it, ſhall pay for every ſuch Offence a certain Fine, with all the neceſſary Clauſes, which the Clerks and Delegates of Monſieur *de Pont Chartrain* know better than I do how to ſpecifie; however, with this Proviſo, That for a good Sum of Money any one ſhall have the liberty to exempt himſelf from that Duty, in the ſame manner as in *Spain* the People buy off the Proſecution of the Inquiſitors, in time of *Lent*. I am perſwaded that by theſe Means your Majeſty will get much more than by thoſe funerary Taxes which your Farmers demand of the Living for the Dead; for to receive

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any great benefit by that Invention they ought to be in fee with the Surgeons and Apothecaries: But this Project of mine would bring you Money in leſs than a Month. And to make it the more uſeful, it would be neceſſary that every individual Family ſhould be oblig'd to anſwer for every Member in it, the Rich for the Poor, without Appeal, Bail, or Mainprize.

Money, ſaid the King, *is very welcome to me at any time, and principally at preſent, but I find an obſtacle in thy Propoſal; that is, many weakneſſes to which I am ſubject, eaſily perſwade me that I am not Immortal.*

Alas, Sir, *cry'd the* Valet de Chambre, you need not trouble your ſelf for that, the ancient Gods were not more perfect than your Majeſty, they had been ſubject here on Earth to Infirmities as well as other Men; ſome

ſome were Lame, ſome wanted an Eye, ſome were Thieves, Fornicators, Adulterers, Deceivers, Murtherers: And on the other ſide, all manner of Pleaſures were welcome to them, as they are in your Majeſties Court. All theſe Gallantries have not hindred them from being Deify'd, and made Sacred to be worſhip'd by the People of this World. Even amongſt Catholicks the Saints whom the Pope Canonizes have not been perfect, but have had their Failings like the reſt of Mankind.

Thou flatter'ſt me in the moſt ſenſible part, ſaid the King, *I promiſe thee a thouſand* Lewis d'Ors *for thy Advice: But if I made ſuch an Edict, what would'ſt thou do thy ſelf?*

Sir, *reply'd the* Valet de Chambre, Gold is an attractive Metal which imprints Veneration and Reſpect on its Beholders. It is like the Sun, we cannot

cannot look on it without loving it, and being charm'd with its Beauty; for this reaſon I am of opinion; that the People of *Siam* (according to Father *Tachard*'s Relation) have made their Gods of Maſſive Gold, and the Chief of them is ſo large, that he cannot ſtand upright in their Pagodes, ſo that it is a difficult thing to ſee him, and not admire and deſire him.

But, ſaid the King, *were all my Subjects of thy mind, I ſhould get but little by thy Project.*

Sir, *reply'd the* Valet de Chambre, it is impoſſible that all Men ſhould be of one mind.

Yet, ſaid the King, *thou haſt ſeen that when I commanded that all my Subjects ſhould profeſs the ſame Religion, and go to Maſs, they have all obey'd in a very ſhort time.*

I know it, *ſaid the* Valet de Chambre; but let your Majeſty be pleas'd to

to consider, that the means which have been us'd to perform that great Design, might infallibly have made all the *Hugonots* Mahometans as soon as Catholicks; and if, instead of employing the Dragoons to convert them, your Majesty had laid a Fine of a *Lewis d'Or* on every *Hugonot*, you would have had more *Lewis d'Ors* than Catholicks. But in the Point in question, there would be no Force or Compulsion us'd, and by that means the more Money would come into your Coffers.

But, said the King, *what will the world say of it?*

Perhaps, *reply'd the* Valet de Chambre, the World will talk of it a Week or so, as is commonly done in other Cases, and then there will be no more said of it; principally considering the many glorious and remarkable Actions which your Majesty has done, which may

the ſooner cauſe this to be paſs'd over. The Nation ought to know, that it is neceſſary to have Money, that Sinew of War, to maintain One ſo glorious as is that wherein your Majeſty is now engaged, and Subjects ought to offer Incenſe to the Grandeur of their Prince. Seeing you want Money, your Majeſty ought to paſs over all Difficulties, as you did when you borrowed the Church Plate. When a buſineſs is uſeful to the Prince, he ought not to hearken to the Diſcourſes of his Subjects, the Reflections about it ought to be like thoſe ſhallow Rivers and little Streams which we wade over, without ſo much as making an halt: And the Peoples conſent is the Patrimony of every private Man, as Greatneſs is that of Princes.

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I have no need of Leſſons on that Chapter, ſaid the King, *and never valued, nor will now admit any of their* moſt humble Remonſtrances: *Let me have to morrow your Project in Writing, I will ſhew it to Madam* de Maintenon, *that ſhe may have it examin'd by my Councel of Conſcience; if the thing may be done, you ſhall hear from me ſhortly; but for my Diſcharge, I muſt have their Approbation, for then my Conſcience will be clear.*

If your Majeſty like the Deſign, *ſaid the* Valet de Chambre, there is no doubt but the good Fathers of the Society will alſo approve of it, and give it ſuch a turn, as may cauſe it to ſucceed to your Majeſty's Glory. All Men muſt grant that they are Men of Wit and Invention, who neglect nothing, ſince their Zeal extends to the very *Indies*, and every Affair paſſes through their

Hands, where they are in any esteem: But before you acquaint them with, it may not be amiss to pre-ingage them, that they may fully understand the state of the Question.

They are good pious Souls, said the King, *and not so addicted to their private Interest, as some People give out; they rather daily expose themselves to Sufferings and Martyrdom to propagate the Gospel.*

Sir, *reply'd the* Valet de Chambre, some say that it is a Trick to enrich themselves, and give them a Reputation in *Europe*, which brings them much Wealth, and causes them to be admir'd by all good Catholicks, who leave them large Legacies.

I know, said the King, *that they are thrifty, and husband their Estates carefully, and indeed their Order could not subsist otherwise; but*

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also they are as it were the Pillars of our Church, and the Prop of the Apostolick See, which they vigorously defend by their Learned Writings against Hereticks: I ought to esteem them, since after the Decision of the Assembly of my Clergy in 1682. *they sided with me, even against the Pope's Infallibility.*

They had indeed that Complaisance for your Majesty in *France*, *said the* Valet de Chambre, whilst they taught the contrary every where else; and but some few days ago, one of them was even so prudent, as not to suffer a *Thesis* to be argued, which asserted the Pope's Infallibility, so to Trim between your Majesty and his Holiness.

They are wise, said the King, *and can often draw a Penitent out of a troublesome Case of Conscience, and only make a small Venial Offence of what other Religious Orders would*

have reckon'd a deadly ſin.

'Tis for this Cauſe, *ſaid the* Valet de Chambre, that they are Maſters of the Confeſſionals in all the Catholick Courts of *Europe.*

For my part, reply'd the King, *I will never have any others, for I find theſe a very convenient, eaſie ſort of People; I leave the Severity and Auſtere way of the* Capuchins *to the Ignorant Vulgar, it is a Bridle that ſerves to Curb their unruly Tempers. Thus the ancient Heathens kept the People within the Bounds of Obedience, and us'd to fright them with the Thoughts of a* Jupiter *hurling his Thunderbolts at Mankind.*

Sir, *ſaid the* Valet de Chambre, we know no other *Jupiter* than your Majeſty, and no other Thunderbolts than his All-conquering Arms that ſtrike a Terrour where-ever they move. 'Tis you that give Peace to *Europe*, that deſtroy thoſe that

that diſobey, but take care to reward the Faithful: 'Tis you, that like a Deity, do good to thoſe that are not in a Capacity to return any to you, and who by your Liberality have Immortaliz'd your Name.

Thou art a flattering Knave, ſaid the King, *and toucheſt me pleaſingly in the moſt ſenſible part. Well, I will take care of thy Advancement, take my word for't:* And thus ended the Journey.

F I N I S.

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